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HOW BISHOP GALE RAISED THE DEBT

The Story of a Church Mortgage

By Louise Betts Edwards

WHEN Bishop Gale descended from the Northwest on the town of Jackson, its inhabitants resigned themselves to the inevitable. They made a preparatory investigation of pockets and strong boxes, and stockings and savings-banks, or glanced over bankbooks, and some smiled and some sighed, but one and all said it was a good day for the Bethel Church, which had lain torpid under its debt of $35,000 for fifteen years.

"You know, brothers," explained the breezy Bishop in a talk with business men, which he called an hour after his arrival in the town, "when the old church was struck by lightning, and burned, in '70, they built this beautiful new structure to be a credit to the town. Then came another lightning stroke,—the money panic of '73. You business men know what that was. But since then the Lord's sent us seven fat years, and the Bethel folks say they can't stand the debt a year longer.

"Brother Frankland here,"—with an energetic nod at the anxious-looking young clergyman at his side,—"says he believes it sits on the roof and keeps the prayers and hymns from rising. We want you to help us lift it. No, don't go down into your pockets now; maybe there isn't enough there; we want $35,000, you know. You'll have chances to contribute, I promise you!"

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"He's a hustler, ain't he?" murmured one man to another.

The definition fitted Bishop Gale even better than his episcopal title. He was a short, heavily built, keen-eyed, humorous-mouthed man, noted for his personal magnetism and his extraordinary power of raising money for any and every good cause, who, though he might be colloquial in his language or unecclesiastical in his methods, never lost his head, his dignity or his cause.

Friday afternoon he arrived, Friday evening he held the business men's meeting, and on Saturday morning and afternoon he collected the women and children of the church, and gave them directions to canvass the town thoroughly, and extract subscriptions ranging from five cents upward.

"Remember," he told them impressively, "the conditions under which I consented to come and raise your debt: First, either the whole $35,000 is paid in, or nothing is paid; second, the amount is to be raised in three days; and third, the subscriptions are to be paid within a month. Oh, you think it's impossible, do you?" and he smiled. "Well, wait!"

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During what was left of Saturday the children scampered over town, ringing door bells, and receiving rebuffs and signed subscription slips in about equal numbers, while fertile feminine brains were racked with money-making schemes. Mrs. Jay, with a basket on her arm, hesitatingly closing the garden gate of her opposite neighbor, was enthusiastically greeted by that lady, who beamed:

"So glad to see you! I'm taking orders for hemming dish-towels,—ten cents a dozen,—for the Bethel Church, you know."

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While she stopped for breath, Mrs. Jay uncovered the basket. "I hear you're to entertain the Bishop," she said sweetly. "I thought you'd need an extra loaf of cake, and as it's for the church, I think I'll charge a dollar."

Mrs. Carlisle looked first at the pile of towels, then at the snowy cake. "Mary Jay!" she said solemnly, "how are we ever, ever to make $35,000 out of each other this way, and in three days?"

Knowing the size and resources of the town, no one would ever have undertaken such a thing,—except Bishop Gale. They held three Sunday services in the beautiful new church, to which the Bishop had invited the members of other denominations through printed notices, characteristically worded:

> "*Dear Brothers:* You have, we believe, no debt on your church. We congratulate you on your ability to worship the Lord with clear consciences, and invite you to help us do the same thing. Jackson is big enough for us all. Please come to one of the meetings to-morrow, and oblige
>
> "Your brothers in faith and works,
>
> "James Frankland,
>
> "Levi T. Gale."

A crowded church filled the Bishop's heart with satisfaction on Sunday morning, and he preached as vigorously, as cheerfully and as briefly as though he did not know that one-half of the congregation would glide down the aisles, and, at the first notes of the offertory anthem, vanish like graveyard ghosts at the stroke of one.

"I'm going to preach to you to-night on the duty of paying your debts," he said in one of his short, sharp sentences. "Don't think I intend to forget it. I'm going to hammer away at it till you're uncomfortable,—$35,000 worth of discomfort! But now I'm only talking of the actual value of the church to each of its members."

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The rough eloquence of this man was astounding. Aged members could be seen wiping a furtive tear as he spoke of sacred associations connected with their church,—"the spiritual uplift and the moral backbone, both," as he phrased it, "which this heap of bricks and mortar stands for." Was it worth paying for, or was it not? he asked.

"Isn't he grand?" whispered the minister's wife to Mrs. Jay, across pews, during the buzz of talk which followed his abrupt closing of the sermon with the announcement that, "The brethren whom I have previously notified will please pass along the aisles and collect subscription slips,—and please take them end first. Brothers Jay and Andrews, or some of those near the back of the church, may get tired of waiting and leave before you reach them."

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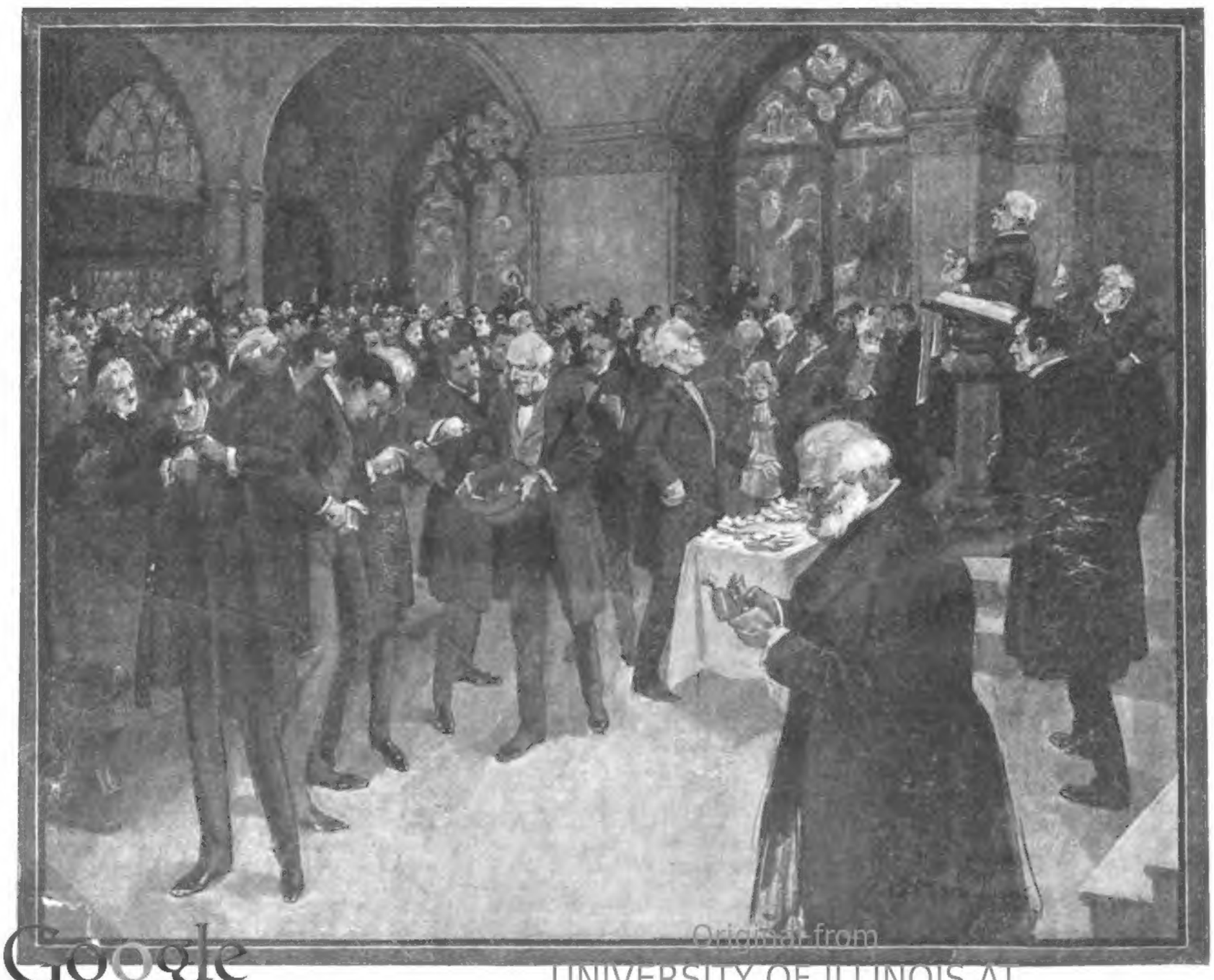
"And with old man Darling sitting right under him, too!" she continued. "I'm almost foolish enough to hope he'll come out and give us something, for once."

Mrs. Jay turned her head away, and, in so doing, caught old man Darling's eyes bent cynically upon her from across the aisle. The woman with gray-streaked hair reddened like a young girl. She had her reasons for not sharing in the roseate visions of the minister's wife, having herself called on the gentleman in question with a subscription paper.

The occupant of the opposite pew, upon whom a freakish fate had bestowed the ironical patronymic of Darling, had sat in it somewhat intermittently for more than fifteen

THE EFFECT WAS ELECTRICAL!



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years past, and no one in Jackson knew why. He was reported to roll in wealth, but never by any chance rolled the smallest nugget of it to the doors of the Bethel Church. He did pay his pew-rent, after a long series of dunning calls by the trustees; but he met all requests to contribute to church charities very much as he had met Mrs. Jay:

"Church debt, eh? Well, let the members meet it; I'm not one of them, thank fortune! What are you out begging for, a nice, respectable woman like you?"

"For the church," said Mrs. Jay crisply. "I think my church is worth paying for and worth begging for, if it's worth anything."

"And if it ain't worth anything, as I believe, it ain't worth paying for. There, now, what d'ye say to that argument?"

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As nearly as old man Darling could condescend to liking, he had always liked this gray-haired, pleasant-faced woman; but Mrs. Jay was not to be drawn into an argument, and departed with as much dignity as defeat can muster.

To-day, when the Bishop, who was jotting down subscriptions with businesslike energy, called out, "Henry and Mary Jay, $500," people whispered that "it was a good deal for the Jays to give," but no one looked surprised.

Although they had nothing but their home and Mr. Jay's slender salary, they were liberal givers. But from the pew across the aisle a faint snort of disgust was heard, and, as Henry Jay, a tall, splendid-looking old man, whose snowy topknot and calm dignity of features recalled schoolbook portraits of George Washington, bore down on him with a handful of subscription slips, the richest man in Jackson hastily arose and stalked toward the door.

But he had counted without his Bishop.

"What's that man's name?" breathed Bishop Gale rapidly in the pastor's ear, and almost immediately raised his voice to a pitch like that of a fog-horn.

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"Give Brother Darling a chance!" he shouted in accents which might as well have been "Head off the mad bull!" "He's going home for the clothes he carries his money in, but it's not necessary, brother; we'll take your pledge right now. Freely have ye received; freely give." His acute vision had taken in at a glance the superlative fineness of the retreating one's raiment, as well as the fact that his pew was situated well to the front of the church.

"I ain't never got anything out of this church but what my pew-rent pays for!" snapped Brother Darling. "Let them give that want to; I don't!"

"What do you go to this church for, brother?" shouted the now goaded Bishop.

Old man Darling turned on the threshold, and withered the Bishop, the minister, the Jays, and a goodly section of the congregation in one comprehensive glance of contempt; then he answered shortly: "For the music," and carefully closed the door after him and departed.

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As he was known to have a deaf ear, and to have put in some of his most ostentatious snoring during the choir's finest flights, everybody was so overcome at this reply that a shade, financially speaking, was cast over the rest of the service. Subscriptions came in a slow, almost dazed manner; still, the Bishop was imperturbable as ever, and when at last he permitted the exhausted congregation to depart, he announced that $10,000 had been pledged.

"Three more such services at $10,000 each," he assured them, "means $40,000, and that means a surplus of $5000 with which to build a memorial window, or something of the kind!"

All day the Bishop sat at the receipt of customs. The Sunday-school in the afternoon, and the young people's meeting in the early evening, heard his clarion voice, his persuasive pleading, his inimitable funny stories, and the consequence was the raising of the amount subscribed to $15,000. In the evening he preached a "rouser," as Henry Jay enthusiastically called it, and more than one pious soul regretted the conspicuous absence of old man Darling. The Bishop's arguments were terribly direct.

"You'll all agree it's your duty to pay your debts," he said. "Each individual member of a corporation is responsible for its debts. A church is a corporation, in its earthly sense,—and it's of earthly money, owed to earthly people, who need and ought to have it for earthly purposes, that I'm talking to-night. I talked to you about heavenly things this morning. Don't tell me you are unable to pay that debt. Of course you can pay it! You only need to give up some of the luxuries you have no business to enjoy while the house in which you worship your God is in danger of being sold to pay your debts. If you can't give a few pennies or a few thousand dollars to support it, what right have you to come here, year after year, enjoying all its privileges? A church is like a child,—if you bring it into the world, you must pay its necessary expenses, or else be dishonest in the sight of God. Brothers Jay and Andrews will please take up the collection."

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"Call that man Gale?" whispered one of the occupants of the gallery to his companion. "Why, he's a regular whirlwind! Before he leaves there won't be a cent in Jackson."

"Except in the Bethel Church," added the other slowly.

Nevertheless, there was an anxious wrinkle in the episcopal countenance as the subscription slips straggled in and showed a slim total of only $26,000. But he smiled as confidently and contentedly as ever while announcing to the people that the final meeting, at which the remainder of the $35,000 would be raised, was to be held the following evening.

"Come all prepared to make sacrifices," he entreated. "Then, a month from now, when we hold a big meeting to pay it all in, how good we shall feel!"

There was little doubt on the following evening that the people of the Bethel Church came prepared to make sacrifices. The Bishop, with his usual enterprise, had secured no less than three persons who had promised to give the last thousand dollars, when all the rest had been subscribed. It was an exciting scene, as Henry Jay and the other church officers rushed up and down the aisles like recruiting sergeants, and the general of the campaign was radiant.

"Fifty dollars from Brother Wilson for his wife, Martha," he cried exultantly. "Now, hasn't somebody a wife named Mary? I always thought Mary quite equal to Martha. Seventy-five dollars is cheap for a memorial to the name of Mary. Who gives it?"

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There were smiles and applause as a member rose, and having said succinctly, "Seventy-five dollars for Mary Waltham," sat down again. The Bishop was jubilant. "Come," he said briskly, "the supply of Marys isn't anything like exhausted yet."

But the congregation was ominously silent. They had almost reached the end of their financial tether. So the Bishop waited. At last Henry Jay's voice was heard:

"Five hundred dollars for Mary Jay, Bishop," he said heartily.

Mrs. Jay had been looking rather haggard and anxious, but at this she grew even paler and more careworn.

"Why, dear!" she whispered under her breath, "can we——"

Henry Jay nodded his head cheerily. "We can," he said.

"But I thought we were going to——"

"We are," he interrupted again.

But even with this the subscription list lagged, and Bishop Gale's indefatigable smile covered a sinking heart. An explicit statement of the case was given him by a somewhat shabbily dressed member.

"You see, Bishop," he rose and explained, "Jackson ain't the United States Mint. It's a smallish place, that got badly hurt in the panic, and ain't got over it yet. You can get something out of nothing, but even you can't get everything out of nothing. Now, I've subscribed as a church member, and a Sunday-school officer, and a trustee, and a private individual, besides promising to buy tickets for the ladies' bazaar and the choir concert, till I simply couldn't raise another cent in any way whatever."

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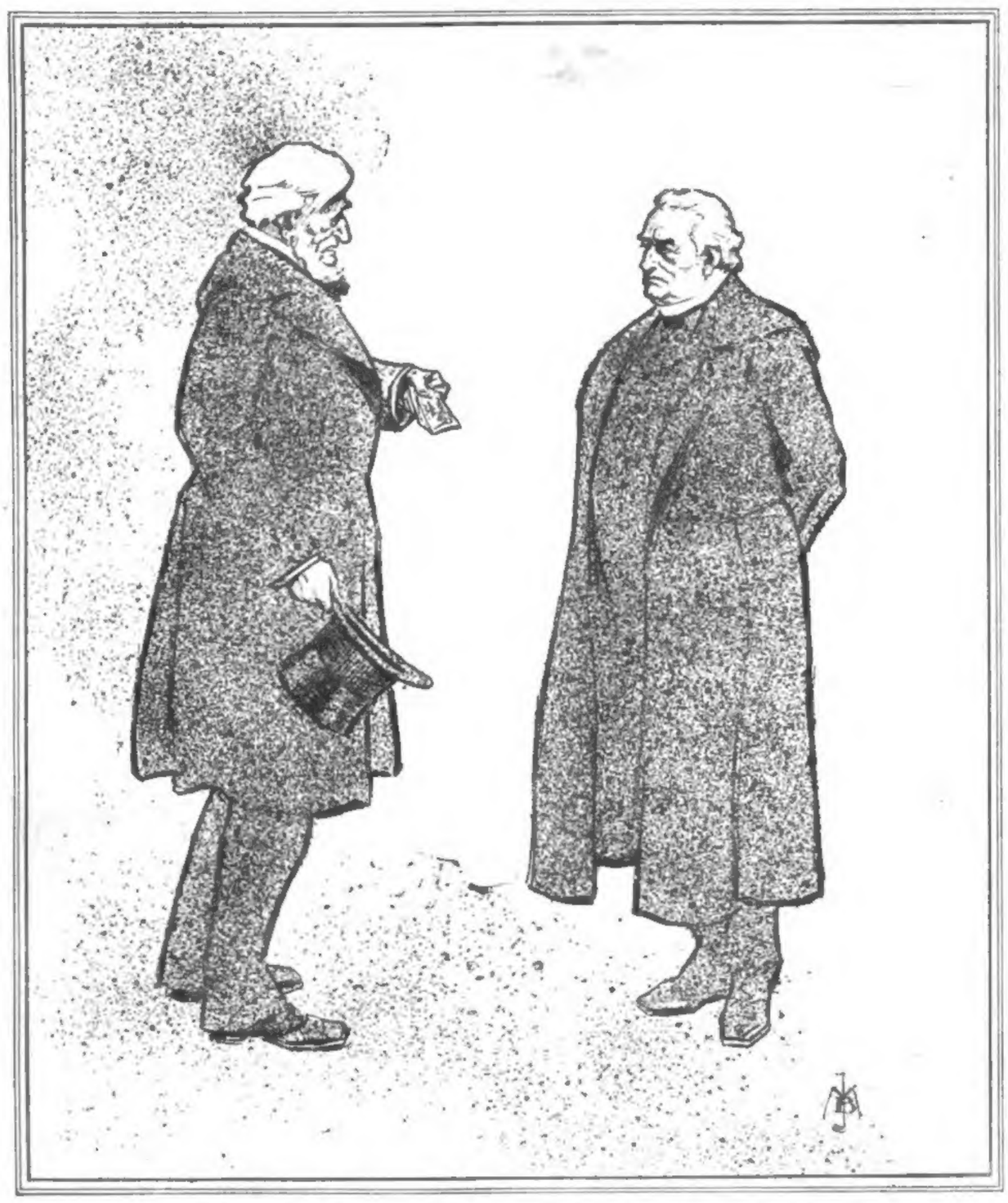
Young Pastor Frankland covertly wrung his hands behind the bank of autumn leaves with which the ladies of the church had decorated the chancel. "Bishop," he whispered pleadingly in that dignitary's ear, "couldn't you relax your conditions and let us pay in what we have and look to the Lord to provide the rest, some day?"



"DID YOU THINK THAT WE WOULD FORGET OUR OWN?"

The Bishop answered him aloud. "The Lord's looking to us to provide the money. That $5000 is here in this congregation. I can see the man who has it to give, at this moment."

It would have been beyond human nature not to have looked at old man Darling as he spoke. For the first time within the memory of man that personage was deeply interested in the hymn-book. Surely, this man, to whom thousands were nothing, would answer so pointed an appeal!

But Oscar Darling read stolidly on, like one deaf and dumb. Before a faint smile of disappointment passed from aisle to aisle, the massive figure of Henry Jay arose in its place with an air which immediately arrested attention. "Bishop," he called, "put down that last $5000 to me. Don't look so surprised, Mr. Frankland; I'll come by it honestly!"

"But I—I don't understand," faltered the pastor. Neither did any one else. The whole congregation gazed at him in consternation, which was further increased by the sight of Mrs. Jay dabbing her tearless eyes with her fine handkerchief, and by the sobs which could be heard from behind many of the gay, red cushions, on which they all instinctively knew the big tears were splashing.

But Henry Jay did not long withhold explanation.

"I talked it over with Mary," he said in a clear voice, "and we agreed that if it came to this we'd pay the last few thousands. We've a little home worth four or five thousand dollars, and I'm going to get it mortgaged to-morrow."

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Then it was that the Bethel congregation saw an even more unprecedented sight than that of old man Darling reading the hymn-book. It was Bishop Gale, utterly taken aback and unable for the instant to speak. But the Jays' opposite neighbor sprang up.

"Is your wife willing?" he asked of Brother Jay, in a harsh, menacing voice.

"Yes, I'm willing," said Mrs. Jay quickly. "I'm glad."

"Well, if it ain't just like church members to let you do it!" exploded old man Darling, striding down the aisle, followed by hundreds of eyes, which said as plainly as tongues could say: "Had you not been the meanest man in Jackson——!"

The meeting broke up with far less enthusiasm than might have been expected. The $35,000 was to be paid, but every one was somewhat saddened, thinking, not of his own sacrifices, little or great, but of the Jays' pretty little home, on whose threshold they had been married, and to which a thousand sacred ties closely bound them.

"It's clear folly," said one prominent member, and then looked frightened for fear that the Bishop or Pastor Frankland might hear what he said.

At this moment, however, they were both seated in the Jays' house, whither they had come to advise,—they scarcely knew what. For, as their host himself reminded them, he was only carrying out the precepts which they had been preaching.

"If it were just that we wanted to build a finer new church, and the old one still standing, I don't know's I'd feel called on to sacrifice so much," he said; "but since it's a debt that has to be paid, why, if no one else can give that last $5000, we must."

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"But your little all——" began young Mr. Frankland huskily, and could get no further.

"'There was a certain widow cast in two mites, which were all her substance,'" repeated Mrs. Jay softly. And the two clergymen, hoisted with their own petard, had nothing more to say.

During the month that elapsed between these incidents and the day when Bishop Gale was to come and gather in the harvest, Brother Jay and his wife were visited by many more kindly remonstrants. Old man Darling himself added his quota. He stopped them one evening as they passed his house, stalking stiffly down to the gate and calling:

"Wait a minute."

"Good evening, Brother Darling," said Henry Jay with much politeness.

"I misdoubt if I'm brother to such simpletons as you," was the answer. "Are you really going to mortgage your house to be swallowed up in that church?"

"According to your advice—yes," said Mrs. Jay. "'Let those give who want to,' you said. Well, we're church members, and we want to give."

"You were married in that house," said the old man slowly. "Your children were born in it and buried from it." By some instinct he seemed to know what tender places to touch on and hurt. "You may think I don't know much about you folks, but I've watched you for years, and always kind of liked you. That's why I don't want you to make fools of yourselves."

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He felt an arresting touch on his arm. It was Mrs. Jay, whom he liked best.

"Mr. Darling," she said falteringly, "I just want to tell you why we are glad to have our house swallowed up in that church. You spoke of the associations it carries with it. But it—it was in the old church, which this one has succeeded, that my children were baptized and reared in the Christian religion. That may mean nothing to—you; to me it means that I did not put away all I was ever to have of them or see of them in that row of little graves. It was there I received the strength and hope and faith which helped me through the awful time of losing them, and which helps me now, when my husband and I have to face the possibility of being parted from our home, to remember that—in our Father's house are many mansions, and there is sure to be one for us—him, the children and me. I want that church to live on, long after we are dead, and be to others what it

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has been to us, and—and—I only wish you had gotten as much out of it as I have, Brother Darling!"

After this episode the rich man of Jackson refused to open his lips when asked his opinion of "Henry Jay's folly," as steadfastly as he closed his purse-strings to a few timid appeals to him to step into the breach.

On the final evening, when Bishop Gale sat and sharply eyed the assembling hundreds of people, one of the earliest comers was old man Darling. The Bishop presided as gracefully and as capably as ever, and preached a brief sermon on the text, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Now, brethren," he said, "show your faith and your good works right here on the collection plate!"

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Although at these words, as at a signal, the checks and sealed envelopes came fluttering and the heavy dollars and eagles ringing down on the plates, the latent fever of excitement was at first kept well down for one supreme event, which came when Henry Jay laid his last collection plate down beside the others, ranged in rows upon the table. Then, amid an irrepressible shout from all around him, he walked down the aisle, his handsome face flushed and smiling under its crown of white hair, waving a check over his head in triumph.

It was a dramatic moment. Every one smiled and shouted, cheered and clapped. Only old Oscar Darling rose in his pew glowering and opened his lips to speak. But the eagle-eyed Bishop staved him off with the Doxology, sung as Bethel Church had never heard it sung before. The Bishop emphasized the "Amen" with a resounding rap of his gavel.

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"Now," he cried in ringing tones, "we have our $35,000, and our church is paid for. Who will do the next thing,—give $5000 to lift the mortgage off Brother Jay's house?"

The effect was electrical. The uproar was redoubled now; dozens of hands were plunged into pockets, and, in the confusion, hardly any one noticed old man Darling rushing down the aisle like a rocket.

It was all done in twenty minutes. The passion of giving had seized every heart present, and before Brother Jay had ceased his protestations, $5000 in every imaginable form and rank of legal tender weighed down the hat which had been hastily passed.

Little wonder that the Bishop paid no attention to the hasty return of Oscar Darling, who made his way to the desk, saying something which was drowned in the confusion of voices. The Bishop did not want to hear it, but he silenced the people and asked Brother Darling to repeat what he had said.

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"I said," repeated the old man calmly, "that here's that there $5000," extending a check to the Bishop.

"For the church fund, do you mean?"

"Never!" in a voice of thunder. "It's for them poor fools to lift the mortgage, and for Mrs. Jay more particular."

"But, brother, the money's all raised; it was subscribed during your absence."

"In—twenty—minutes? Do you mean to say the church members gave $5000 in twenty minutes?"

The Jackson people had never seen less of a smile on the face of their genial Bishop than when he turned to answer this question.

"Did you think," he asked curtly, "that we would forget our own? I intended to do this all along," he continued more gently.

"So did I, Bishop, so did I!" broke in the old man eagerly. "I had the check made out, all ready to bring, and then forgot it. I was going to give you church folks a piece of my mind and then hand it to Mary Jay. Not because I think she was right, but because I like spunk. I never thought you church folks would get ahead of me." He was still holding out the check.

"You'll have to take that back, Mr. Darling," said the minister, "since you don't want it to go to the church."

The old man waved it back disconsolately. "Use it for the church," he said, "or anything—even missionaries! I ain't got no more spirit. Build a memorial winder, and if it ain't enough, I'll add something to it."

"A memorial window—to whom?"

"To Bishop Gale," suggested some one.

"To Brother Jay," amended that dignitary.

"No, no!" Both Mr. and Mrs. Jay had taken quick alarm. "It wouldn't be suitable! We couldn't have it!"

"We'll wait till you're dead and can't help yourselves." Thus sombrely spoke the Crœsus of Jackson. "There's no gettin' ahead of such determined church members,—Bishop Gale more particularly."

THE MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

Drawings by HARRISON FISHER

Kept a light grip on the side, and had only a modified pleasure in the drive

Chapter V

FOR the next two hours Thorpe's thoughts were almost wholly occupied with various phases of the large subject of domestic service. He seemed suddenly to have been transported to some region populated exclusively by clean-shaven men in brown livery. One of these was holding a spirited horse outside the station, and when Lord Plowden had taken the reins, and Thorpe had gathered the rugs about his knees and feet, this menial silently associated himself with the young man who had accompanied them from town on the back seat of the trap.

With these people so close behind him, Thorpe felt that any intimate conversation was out of the question. Indeed, talk of any sort was not invited; the big horse burst forth with high, sprawling strides upon a career through the twilight, once the main road was reached, which it taxed all Plowden's energies to regulate. He kept up a continual murmuring monologue to the animal: "So—so—quiet, my pet,—so—so; easy, my beauty—so—so;" and his wrists and gloved hands were visibly under a tremendous tension of strain, as they held their own against the rigid arched neck and mouth of steel.

Thorpe kept a grip on the side of the trap, and had only a modified pleasure in the drive. The road along which they sped seemed, in the gathering dusk, uncomfortably narrow, and he speculated a good deal as to how frightened the two mutes behind him must be. But silence was such a law of their life that, though he strained his ears, he could not so much as hear them sigh or gasp.

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It seemed but a very few minutes before they turned off, with the most fleeting diminution of pace, upon a private road, which speedily developed into an avenue of trees, quite dark and apparently narrower than ever. Down this they raced precipitately, and then, coming out all at once upon an open space, swung smartly round the crescent of a gravel road, and halted before what seemed to be the door of a greenhouse.

Thorpe, as he stood up in the trap, got an uncertain, general idea of a low, pale-colored mansion in the background, with light showing behind curtains in several widely separated windows; what he had taken to be a conservatory revealed itself now to be a glass gallery, built along the front of the central portion of this house.

A profusion of hospitable lights,—tall wax-candles in brackets among the vines against the trellised wall,—gave to this outlying entrance that the stranger felt to be a delightful effect. Its smooth, tiled floor, comfortably bestrewn with rugs, was on a level with the path outside. There were low easy-chairs here, and a little wicker table bearing books and a lady's work-basket. Farther on, giant chrysanthemum blooms were massed beneath the clusters of pale plumbago flowers on the trellis. In front, across the dozen feet of this glazed vestibule, the doorway of the house proper stood open, with warm lights glowing richly upon dark woods in the luxurious obscurity within.

What Thorpe noted most of all, however, was the servants, who seemed to swarm everywhere. The two who had alighted from the trap had contrived somehow to multiply themselves in the darkness. All at once there were a number of young men,—at the horse's head, at the back and sides of the trap, at the first doorway, and the second, and beyond,—each presenting such a smooth-faced, brown-clad replica of all the others that Thorpe knew he could never tell them apart.

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Lord Plowden paused for a moment under the candlelight to look at his watch. "We did it in a bit over eight minutes," he remarked, with obvious satisfaction. "With four people and heavy roads that's not so bad—not so bad. But come inside."

They moved forward through the wide doorway into an apartment the like of which Thorpe had not seen before. It was a large, square room, with a big staircase at the end, which separated and went off to right and left half way up its visible course. Its floor was of inlaid woods, old and uneven from long use, and carpeted here and there by the skins of tigers and leopards. There were many other suggestions of the chase about the room: riding boots, whips, spurs, and some stands of archaic weapons caught the eye at various points; the heads of foxes and deer peeped out on the blackened panels of the walls from among clusters of hooks crowded with coats, hats and mackintoshes. At the right, where a fire glowed and blazed under a huge open chimney-place, there were low chairs and divans drawn up to mark off a space for orderly domestic occupation.

The irregularity of everything outside,—the great table in the centre of the hall strewn with an incongruous litter of caps, books, flasks, newspapers, gloves, tobacco-pouches; the shoes, slippers and leggins scattered under the benches at the sides,—all this self-renewing disorder of a careless household struck Thorpe with a profound surprise. It was like nothing so much as a Mexican ranch, and to find it in the ancestral home of an English nobleman, filled to overflowing with servants, completely amazed him.

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The glances that he cast about him, however, were impassive enough. His mind was charged with the ceaseless responsibility of being astonished at nothing. A man took his hat, and helped him off with his coat. Another moved toward the staircase with his two bags.

"If you will follow Panghourn," said his host, indicating this second domestic, "he will look after you. You would like to go up and change now, wouldn't you? There's a fire in your room."

Thus dismissed, he went up the stairs in the wake of his portmanteaus, taking the turning to the left, and then proceeding by a long, low passage, round more than one corner, to what he conceived to be a wing of the house. The servant ushered him into a room, and, in spite of himself, he sighed with pleasure at the sight of it.

The prettiest and the most charming of rooms it seemed to him to be, spacious and quaintly rambling in shape, with a delicately figured chintz repeating the dainty effects of the walls upon the curtains and carpet, and bed-hangings and chair-covers, and with a bright fire in the grate throwing its warm, cozy glow over everything. He looked at the pictures on the walls, at the photographs and little ornaments on the writing-desk, and the high posts and silken coverlet of the big bed, and, secure in the averted face of the servant, smiled richly to himself.

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This servant, kneeling, had unstrapped and opened the new bags. Thorpe looked to see him quit the room, this task accomplished, and was conscious of something like dismay at the discovery that he intended to unpack them as well. Panghourn began gravely to unwrap one paper parcel after another, and to assort their contents in little heaps on the sofa beside him. He did it deftly, imperturbably, as if all the gentlemen he had ever seen carried their belongings in packages done up by tradesmen.

Thorpe's impulse to bid him desist framed itself in words on the tip of his tongue, but he did not utter these words. After circling idly, hands in pockets, about the man and the bags for a little time, he invented something which it seemed better for him to say:

"I don't know what you'll be able to make of those things," he remarked casually. "My man has been buying them to-day,—and I don't know what he mayn't have forgotten. My whole outfit of that sort of thing went astray or was stolen at some station or other, the first part of the week. I think it must have been Leeds."

"Yes, sir," said Panghourn, without emotion. "They're very careless, sir."

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He went on impassively shaking out the black garments and spreading them on the bed, laying out a shirt and tie beside them, and arranging the razors, strop and brushes on the dressing-table. He seemed to foresee everything, for there was not an instant's hesitation in the clocklike assiduity of his movements, as he bestowed handkerchiefs in one drawer, socks in another, hung pajamas before the fire, and set the patent-leather pumps against the fender.

The Honorable Balder Plowden

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Even the old Mexican shooting-suit seemed in no way to disconcert him. He drew forth its constituent elements as with a practiced hand; when he had hung them up, sombrero and all, in the wardrobe against the wall, they had the trick of making that venerable oaken receptacle look as if it had been fashioned expressly for them.

Thorpe's earlier uneasiness quite lost itself in his admiration for Pangbourn's resourceful dexterity. The delighted thought that now he would be needing a man like this for himself crossed his mind. Conceivably he might even get this identical Pangbourn, treasure though he were. Money could command everything on this broad globe, and why not Pangbourn? He tentatively felt of the loose coins in his pocket, as it became apparent that the man's task was nearing completion, and then frowned at himself for forgetting that these things were always reserved for the end of a visit.

"Will you dress now, sir?" asked Pangbourn.

"Eh?" said Thorpe, finding himself a second behind the other's thought.

"Shall you require me any further, sir?" The man reframed the question deferentially.

"Oh! Oh, no," replied Thorpe. "No; I'll get along all right."

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Left to himself, he began hurriedly the task of shaving and dressing. The candles on either side of the thick, beveled swinging mirror presented a somewhat embarrassing contrast to the electric light he was used to, but upon second thought he preferred this restrained aristocratic glimmer.

He had completed his toilet, and was standing at the bay-window with his shoulder holding back the edge of the curtain, looking out upon the darkened lawn and wondering whether he ought to go downstairs or wait for some one to summon him, when he heard a knock at his door. Before he could answer, the door opened, and he made out in the candle and fire light that it was Lord Plowden who had come in. He stepped forward to meet his host, who, clad now in evening clothes, was smoking a cigarette.

"Have they looked after you all right?" said Plowden, nonchalantly. "Have a cigarette before we go down? Light it by the candle. They never will keep matches in a bedroom."

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He seated himself in an easy-chair before the fire as he spoke, and stretched out his shining slippers toward the grate. "I thought I'd tell you before we went down," he went on, as Thorpe, with an elbow on the mantel, looked down at his handsome head, "my sister has a couple of ladies visiting her. One of them I think you knew. Do you remember on shipboard a Miss Madden,—an American, you know,—very tall and fine, with bright red hair; rather remarkable hair it was?"

"I remember the lady," said Thorpe, upon reflection, "but we didn't meet." He could not wholly divest his tone of the hint that in those days it by no means followed that because he saw ladies it was open to him to know them.

Lord Plowden smiled a little. "Oh, you'll like her. She's great fun, if she's in the mood. My mother and sister,—I had them call on her in London last spring, and they took a great fancy to her. She's got no end of money, you know,—at least a million and a half dollars, unfortunately. Her parents were Irish; her father made his pile in the wagon business, I believe, but she's as American as if they'd crossed over in,—what was it, the Sunflower?—no, the Mayflower. Marvelous country for assimilation, that America is! Really marvelous! You remember what I told you; it's put such a mark on you that I should never have dreamed that you were English."

Thorpe observed his companion, through a blue haze of smoke, in silence. This insistence upon the un-English nature of the effect he produced upon those he met was not altogether grateful to his ears.

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"The other one," continued Plowden, "is Lady Cressage. You'll be interested in her because, a few years ago, she was supposed to be the most beautiful woman in London. She married a shocking bounder. He would have been Duke of Glastonbury, though, if he had lived. But he was drowned, and she was left poor as a church mouse. Oh! by-the-way!" he started up, with a gleam of aroused interest on his face. "It didn't in the least occur to me. Why, she's a daughter of our General Kervick. How did he get on the Board, by-the-way? Where did you pick him up?"

Thorpe bent his brows in puzzled lines. "Why, you introduced me to him yourself, didn't you?" he asked slowly.

Plowden seemed unaffectedly surprised at the suggestion, as he turned it over in his mind. "By George! I think you're right," he said. "I'd quite forgotten it. Of course I did. Let me see,—oh, yes; I reconstruct it readily now. Poor old chappie; he needs all he can get. He was bothering her about money, that was it; I remember now, but what an idiot I was to forget it.

"But what I was saying, there's no one else but my mother and sister, and my brother Balder. He's a youngster,—twenty or thereabouts,—and he purports to be reading for his exams for the Army. If they opened his head, though, I doubt if they'd find anything but cricket and foot-ball, unless it might be a bit of golf. Well, that's the party. I thought you might like to have a notion of them in advance. If you've finished your cigarette" (he threw his own into the grate, and rose as he spoke) "we may as well be moving along. By-the-way," he concluded, as they walked toward the door, "I've an idea that we won't say anything, just at the moment, about our great *coup*. I should like to keep it as a little surprise,—later on,—for my mother and sister, you know."

AS IF ALL THE GENTLEMEN HE HAD EVER SEEN CARRIED THEIR BELONGINGS IN PACKAGES DONE UP BY TRADESMEN

Some two hours later Thorpe found the leisure and the restored equanimity for a dispassionate survey of his surroundings. He had become temporarily detached from the group over by the fireplace in the big drawing-room, and was for the first time that evening very much at his ease. It was all much simpler, upon experiment, than he had feared. He stood now in a corner of the ornate apartment, whither he had wandered in examining the pictures on the walls, and contemplated with serenity the five people whom he had left behind him. He was conscious of the strong conviction that when he rejoined them it would be on an entirely new footing of assured equality. He knew now the exact measure of everything.

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The Honorable Balder Plowden, a tall, heavily built youth, with enormous shoulders and thick, hard hands and pale, straw-colored hair and brows and eyelashes, had sauntered beside Miss [illegible] and was elucidating for his special benefit, now in slow, halting undertones, some unfathomable mystery connected with the varying attitude of two distinct breeds of terriers toward rats. Across the room, just within reach of the flickering ruddy firelight from the hearth, the American guest, Miss Madden, was seated at the piano, playing some low and rather doleful music.

Thorpe bent his head, and assumed an air of attention, but in truth he listened to neither the Honorable Balder nor the piano. His thoughts were concentrated jealously upon his own position in this novel setting. He said to himself that it was all right.

Old Lady Plowden had seemed to like him from the start. The genial, if somewhat abstracted, motherliness of her welcome had been, indeed, his sheet anchor throughout the evening. She had not once failed to nod her head and smile and twinkle her little kind eyes through their spectacles at him, whenever by word or look he had addressed her. Nor did his original half-suspicion, that this was her manner to people in general, justify itself upon observation. She was civil, even excessively civil, to the two other guests, but these ladies did not get the same eager and intent smile that he could command whenever he caught her eye.

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He reasoned it out that Plowden must have said something pleasant to his mother about him, perhaps even to the point of explaining that he was to be the architect of their fortunes, but he did not like to ascribe all her hospitable warmth to that. It was dear to him to believe that she liked him on his own merits, and he did believe it, as his softened glance rested upon her where she sat almost facing him in her padded wicker chair, small, white-haired, rosy-cheeked, her intelligent face radiating a kind of alert placidity which somehow made him feel at home.

He had not been as much at home with the others. The Honorable Balder, of course, didn't count; nobody paid attention to him, and least of all [illegible]. Her the shining veil beyond threw everything gave not much more heed to the American, the tall young woman with the red hair and the million and a half of dollars. She was plainly a visitor like himself, not at all identified with the inner life of the household. He fancied, moreover, that she in no way desired to be thus identified. She seemed to carry herself with a deliberate aloofness underlying her surface amiability. When he had spoken his few words with her, once or twice, he had got this effect of stony reserve close beneath her smile and smooth words. True, this might mean only that she felt herself somewhat out of her element, just as he did; but to him, really it did not matter in the least what she felt.

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A year ago,—why, yes, even a fortnight ago,—the golden rumor of millions would have shone round her auburn hair in his eyes like a halo. But all that was changed. Calculated in a solidified currency, her reported fortune shrank to a mere three hundred thousand pounds. It was a respectable sum for a woman to have, no doubt, but it did nothing to quicken the cool indifference with which he considered her.

The two other young women were different. They were seated together on a sofa, so placed as regarded his point of view that he saw only in part the shadowed profiles of their faces. Although it was not visible to him, the posture of their shoulders told him that they were listening to the music, each holding the other's hand.

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This tacit embrace was typical in his mind of the way they hung together, these two young women. It had been forced upon his perceptions all the evening that this fair-haired, beautiful, rather stately Lady Cressage, and the small, swarthy, round-shouldered daughter of the house, peering through her *pince-nez* from under unduly thick black brows, formed a party of their own. Their politeness toward him had been as identical in all its little shades of distance and reservation as if they had been governed from a single brain-centre. It would be unfair to them to assume from their manner that they disliked him, or were even unfavorably impressed by him. The *finesse* of that manner was far too delicate a thing to call into use such rough characterizations. It was rather their action as a unit which piqued his interest.

He thought he could see that they united upon a common demeanor toward the American girl, although, of course, they knew her much better than they knew him. It was not even clear to him that there were not traces of this combination in their tone toward Plowden and the Honorable Balder. The bond between them had twisted in it strands of social exclusiveness and strands of sex sympathy.

He did not analyze all this with much closeness, but the impressions were distinct enough. He rather enjoyed these impressions than otherwise. Women had not often interested him consecutively to any large degree, either in detail or as a whole. He had formulated, among other loose, general notions of them, however, the idea that their failure to stand by one another was one of their gravest weaknesses.

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This proposition rose suddenly now in his mind, and claimed his attention. It became apparent to him, all at once, that his opinions about women would be henceforth invested with a new importance. He had scarcely before in his life worn evening dress in a domestic circle which included ladies, certainly never in the presence of such certificated and hall-marked ladies as these. His future, however, was to be filled with experiences of this nature.

Already, after this briefest of ventures into the new life, he found fresh conceptions of the great subject springing up unbidden in his thoughts.

In this matter of women sticking together, for example, here before his eyes was one of the prettiest instances of it imaginable. As he looked again at the two figures on the sofa, so markedly unlike in outward aspect, yet knit to each other in such a sisterly bond, he found the spectacle really touching.

Lady Cressage had inclined her classic profile even more toward the piano. Thorpe was not stirred at all by the music, but the spirit of it as it was reflected upon this beautiful facial outline,—sensitive, high-spirited, somewhat sad withal,—appealed to something in him. He moved forward cautiously, noiselessly, a dozen restricted paces, and halted again at the corner of a table. It was a relief that the Honorable Balder, though he followed along, respected now his obvious wish for silence. But neither Balder nor any one else could guess that it was the face that had beckoned him to advance.

Covertly, with momentary assurances that no one observed him, he studied this face and mused upon it. The white candlelight on

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into a soft, uniform shadow, this side of the thread of dark tracery which outlined forehead and nose and lips and chin. It seemed to him that the eyes were closed, as in reverie; he could not be sure.

So she would have been a Duchess if her husband had lived! He said to himself that he had never seen before, or imagined, a face which belonged so indubitably beneath a tiara of strawberry leaves in diamonds. The pride and grace and composure, yes, and melancholy, of the great lady,—they were all there in their supreme expression. And yet,—why, she was no great lady at all. She was the daughter of his old general, Kervick, the necessitous and haughtily humble old military gentleman, with the gray mustache and the premature fur coat, who did what he was told on the Board without a question for a pitiful three hundred a year. Yes; she was his daughter, and she also was poor. Plowden had said so.

Why had Plowden, by-the-way, been so keen about relieving her from her father's importunities? He must have had it very much at heart, to have invented the roundabout plan of getting the old gentleman a directorship. But no, there was nothing in that. Why, Plowden had even forgotten that it was he who suggested Kervick's name. It would have been his sister, of course, who was evidently such chums with Lady Cressage, who gave him the hint to help the General to something if he could. And when you came to think of it, these aristocrats and military men and so on, had no other notion of making money save by directorships. Clearly, that was the way of it. Plowden had remembered Kervick's name when the chance arose to give the old boy a leg up, and then had forgotten the circumstance.

He glanced briefly, under the impulse of his thought, to where the peer sat, or rather sprawled, in a big low chair before the fire. He was so nearly recumbent in it, indeed, that there was nothing to be seen of him but an elbow, and two very trim legs extended to the brass fender.

Thorpe's gaze reverted automatically to the face of General Kervick's daughter. He wondered if she knew about the Company, and about him, and about his ability to solidify to any extent her father's financial position. Even more, upon reflection, he wondered whether she was very fond of her father; would she be grateful to one who should render him comfortable for life?

Miss Madden rose from the piano before Thorpe noted that the music had ceased. There came from the others a soft but fervent chorus of exclamations, the sincerity and enthusiasm of which made him a little ashamed. He had evidently been deaf to something that deeply moved the rest. Even Balder made remarks which seemed to be regarded as apposite.

"What is it?" asked Lady Cressage, with obvious feeling. "I don't know when anything has touched me so much."

"Old Danish songs that I picked up on the *quai* in Paris for a franc or two," replied Miss Madden. "I arranged and harmonized them, and, oddly enough, the result is rather Keltic, don't you think?"

"We are all of us Kelts in our welcome to music,—and musicians,—like this," affirmed Lord Plowden, who had scrambled to his feet.

With sudden resolution, Thorpe moved forward and joined the conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

She was playing some low and rather doleful music

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By ANNA FARQUHAR *Pictures by* HENRY HUTT

TWELFTH CHAPTER

THOSE who know the sea and its shore only in summer time miss its acquaintance at the season of its most noble beauty. Just as with a woman who is charming in her early maidenhood, but fascinating in maturity with a grandeur and depth of nature impossible to the period of bud or first bloom, so it is with the seashore. The autumn in America by the sea has a unique charm. The air seems to be filled with gold, strained as it falls from the sun by the intensely blue sky. Every color, every shadow is bold. The outdoor world grows more vigorous while still retaining its sensuous charm.

In October there is no suggestion of approaching dissolution; it is the life of Nature at its most brilliant stage,—life full of color, freedom, action, grapes and their juices, birds on the wing, singing, calling, "We must start for the South. Come on! Come on!" for their instincts tell them that the northwest wind is gathering its forces and that the smile of the sea hides the murderous spirit of winter.

The first time Louise Fremont walked out after her weeks of retirement she loitered along the road to the bridge alone, feeling the force of Nature's enchantment and wondering why it need end as must her life at Weecapaug,—happier than any she had known before,—come to a pause, to be taken up again in the future, she hoped. Ol was waiting for her at the bridge. He had promised to take her to a fresh-water pond back in the woods belonging to the Clarkes as a last pleasure trip before the end would come on Saturday, when the Fremonts expected to leave the beach.

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She had never seen this pond, pronounced by Ol "jus' the loveliest place on the hul earth." Louise was surprised to see Ol without the boat. He walked to meet her, saying as he approached, "Be you some tuckered, gurl, by walkin'?"

"No, not at all, Ol," she answered. "I'm perfectly well again in my body, but I cannot help 'botherin',' as you say, about the trouble I gave you and everybody else."

"Jus' stop botherin', gurl. 'Tain't no good nohow. Folks be al'ays workin' up nor'easters inside theirselves all fur nothin'. If all folks wa'n't any foolisher'n you be I cal'late the world'd move on better. I give them carpenters the money yure father sent 'em, an' they wus pleased, though they says twa'n't wuth it. There wa'n't nothin' else to be done under the circumstances."

"I am glad if they were pleased. I do hope the boats will be saved, too. I never can thank you, Ol, for nearly giving your life for me. I failed the other day, you know, when I tried."

"Stop tryin'. That's the thing to do. 'A miss's ez good's a mile,' an' I didn't git drounded, so there ain't no call fur thanks."

"You are a brave man, Ol. I wish I could do something to show you how much I appreciate what you did for me. I have brought down a little present I wish you to accept from my father and me. Mr. Everett bought it for us so that I could give it to you myself. Miss Melissa said you had no watch. Do you want one?" She handed him a box, which he took more deliberately than usual.

"See here, gurl," he said without opening the box, "I don't want no rewards fur savin' o' yure life. It were wuth my own life to've saved you. I wanted to. Don't you understand? 'Twa'n't like them carpenters savin' us, 'twere—" he paused, looking down at the box—"'twere jus' because I couldn't let you die. Oh, I can't make you sensible o' my meanin',—'tain't no use to try. I'd had to 'a' died anyway if you had died."

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"Yes, perhaps I might have dragged you down, but you could have let me go and saved yourself," she replied, looking at him affectionately, as she would have glanced at a faithful dog had he saved her life.

"Oh, well, 'tain't wuth talkin' 'bout, anyway. I can't make you sensible o' my meanin', an' it's jus' 's well I can't. If you folks give me this's a present to remember you by, all right, but I don't want no rewards fur doin' what I jus' had to do fur myself."

"Anyway that you will take it, Ol, I give it to you. Open the box and look at it. Read the inscription in the back of the case." He untied the package, and the child in him was happy at once over the gold watch. "Read out the words yureself, gurl; I'd like to hear you," he said, smiling happily.

"'To Oliver Peckham, from his friend, Louise Fremont, in remembrance of his heroism in saving her life.'

"How do you like it, Ol?"

"It's jus' lovely, gurl. I'm real proud to have it. I never seen one I liked better, an' I'll read that writin' in the back lots o' times when I'm lonesome all my life."

They sat on the shore of the Breach in the shade of the bridge, looking the watch over and talking about it like two children, until Louise, hearing the splash of oars, glanced back and saw Doctor Layton rowing toward the bridge from the cañon. "Here comes Doctor Layton," she said. "What does this mean? Aren't you going to take me to the little lake, Ol?"

"No, gurl. I jus' can't do it. They've sent fur me to go up home. I don't know what fur, but their sendin' means bizness al'ays, so I've got to let Doc take you 'stead o' me. Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind, but I thought we were to have a last row together. Does he know the place?" she replied, opening and shutting the lid of the box she held in her hands.

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"Land, yes. Doc knows Clarke's pond better'n I do, if anything. It's a favorite place o' his'n."

Layton was by this time within speaking distance of them. He dropped one oar and raised his gunning cap to Louise as he called out, "I'm afraid I'm late. I stopped to clean out my gun. Am I acceptable as a substitute, Miss Fremont?"

"If you know the way, I've no doubt we will get there and back without quarreling," Louise replied in a defiant way she used latterly toward Layton more than ever.

"You can't quarrel with Doc," said Ol, helping Louise into the boat. "He ain't the quarreling kind. He'd jus' git up and leave you settin' by yureself if you tried it on him. Wouldn't you, Doc?"

"Oh, I'm not always as angelic as when I am with you, Ol. Miss Fremont doesn't think I am a bit so." Without apparently heeding Layton's remark, Louise said, "Are you going with us, Ol?"

"Yes, 's fur's the Clarkes. Doc'll dump me there an' walk you back over the hill."

None of them talked much as they rowed along. Ol showed Layton his present, which furnished enough conversation for a while, but afterward it lagged. Layton had come up the Breach, filled with a purpose that weighed him down. Louise was still sensitive over his recent brusqueness, and Ol was puzzled at the evident antagonism between the two.

"HOW CAN I BEAR IT? WHAT SHALL I DO? NOT TO SEE!"

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A slowly rising hill formed the background of the Clarkes' farm. That day it glowed with frostbitten huckleberry and bayberry bushes, through which the cows had made a path over the hill leading to a round pond of fresh water only a mile in circumference. They crossed this low hill, he leading the way with his gun over his shoulder, pressing aside the bushes and knocking off the stickers as a means to her comfort in following him. At the top of the hill he paused. Facing about he said, indicating with his free arm, "Turn around and behold the glory of God in a wonderful expanse."

For miles and miles to the south, east and west the waters rolled, broken in the foreground by the dunes and many tiny islands in the upper Breach called the Pond. It was a day with a sunny mood colored in blue and gold. The world seemed made for them alone,

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and they silently gave thanks standing there together. Neither spoke for several minutes, but Layton watched his companion. For a moment she forgot him, then turning and looking directly into his eyes, she said, "How can mortals be what they are when they look at God's handiwork?"

"God made them, too, if He made all this beauty, and you forget how ugly, sullen and cruel even this evidence of His handiwork can become. As you look off you think of this as being always lovely, exactly as you idealize human nature, but one is not so any more than the other."

"I know that," she replied; "but why is it so? What is the ugliness for? Why is it not always beautiful?"

"Do not ask a mere man to explain the first principles of creation. Only face the fact and make the best of it. However, I believe that ugliness, sin and pain bear a most important part in development. Shall we go on?"

She lingeringly turned to follow him again along the path. Presently she said, "I do not suppose I see as much of that world you showed me then as you do. My vision grows no better since I have been at Weecapaug, Doctor Layton, although in every other way I feel regenerated. I fear that your experiment has proved a failure."

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"No, it has proved a success, as I will demonstrate when we reach a mossy bank on the other side of the pond, where we can talk without interruption. I came with an object to-day, Miss Fremont. I wish to talk to you alone, and this spot is usually as solitary as the Garden of Eden."

"What do you wish to say to me?" she asked, trailing her hand through the water as she sat on a stump at the edge of the pond while he carried down a skiff dry-docked on the bank and launched it in the water.

"Be patient until we cross the pond. We will row around it in this skiff, instead of going straight across. I want you to see the full beauty of the place."

As though growing out of the clear water, the trees and bushes hung over it caressingly, bending their branches down to its surface which reflected them. Willow trees leaned far over, the oaks stood erect, but sent down their golden red leaves to float on the pond. The poison ivy hung in scarlet profusion on the blueberry bushes, and a gray moss clung to the maple trees, dropping long ends in festoons from bow to bow. At one end of the pond there was a bog in which grew cedar trees, at the base of whose trunks clustered great beds of moss sending forth ferns feathery and plumey,—a mysterious, elfish spot. All over the water floated pond lily pads, but the blossoms had gone by. Blueberries still grew on their bushes low enough for Louise to reach them as they rowed slowly past. Bullfrogs croaked as they sunned themselves on stones at the edge of the water; squirrels darted about, and the blue-jays hawked occasionally as they brushed in and out among the trees. All else was silent, except the dipping of the oars, and once in a while low-spoken words from the occupants of the boat. The wind had sighed heavily on the Breach, but back there in the woods it gave no expression.

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When Layton ceased to row and drew the boat up to the shore Louise felt her heart beat. She unreasoningly dreaded what Layton had to say to her alone. He led her up a cowpath winding in and out among the trees of the ascent on that side of the pond. This path was strewn with dead leaves of many years, and they rustled mournfully under Louise's feet. They walked along until they reached a clearing where grew an isolated wide-spreading oak shading an elevation overhanging the water, where the earth was bedded with moss and ferns, interrupted by two great flat stones placed as though they were intended for seats under the trees.

"Ol and I have sat there at intervals ever since we were boys," said Layton. "See where the bark has been shot off of those trees? We put oyster shells there as targets for rifle practice when we cannot raise any game. Oyster shells are found through these woods. The natives believe they are relics of Indian feasts."

"I wonder if that could be so," replied Louise doubtingly.

"Did you ever take anything on faith in your life, Miss Fremont?" asked Layton.

"Is that what you brought me here to talk about?" she replied.

"Not exactly, although it is not far off the mark. Here, let me make you comfortable on that stone. Now, is that right? I know you have less curiosity than most women, but I am going to sit down beside you here and ask you to listen to me while I tell you something about myself. I have never talked to any one about my married life,—not even to Uncle Billy,—but if I can clear myself in your eyes of some of the accusations you make against me from hearsay, I mean to do so."

"Why do you do this, Doctor Layton? It must be painful to you, and is quite unnecessary, I assure you."

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"No, it is quite necessary to me, because I am not willing for you to think me a worse man than I am. The truth is, I am a very ordinary person, with only the usual vices of men. I am no worse and no better than thousands, but having started out in New York under the most favorable auspices, taken into partnership at an early age by an eminent physician, I have made a success at my profession earlier than most men do, which fact has brought my private life before a large public. I hope the majority of my acquaintances and patients are my friends, but every man has his detractors.

"When I was twenty-eight years old I married a fashionable New York girl six months after I met her on shipboard one autumn on my return from taking a special ophthalmic course in Vienna. While in partnership I was a general practitioner, and only entered a specialty at the time of my marriage. If you remember Mrs. Layton, you know that she was very beautiful in a physical way. This beauty enslaved me. I did not stop to know anything about her otherwise,—I married the beauty and it played me false. What she married me for I have never been able to find out, because, although I had some income outside of my profession, I was not what she would have called a rich man, and she had money of her own. Perhaps I had the same kind of attraction for her that she had for me; at any rate, after a few months of married life she ceased to pretend to care for me——"

"Doctor Layton," interrupted Louise, "do you think it is best to go on? You might regret afterward that you told me."

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"I'll take the risk," he replied. "One morning during my office hours I was taken with one of the severe neuralgic headaches I am subject to. I stood it as long as I could, then decided to go home and to bed. I let myself in with my latchkey, and went into my library through portières between it and a short cross-hall covered with a soft velvet carpet noiseless to my steps. As I entered I saw Mrs. Layton standing in the arms of a man I knew well at my club. His back was turned so that he did not see me, but I looked into her eyes over his shoulder, then turned and left the room. For several days I waited for her to explain. She avoided me, and said nothing about the incident. Finally I asked her for an explanation. She laughed and said, 'There is no explanation. You saw it all. Men have their diversions, so must women. 'Do you love this man?' I demanded. 'No, not particularly,' she replied. 'There are several others I love as well, but he amuses me for the moment, and you don't any more.' I confess I was stunned by this cold-blooded reply. I thought I knew all kinds of women, but this was a new species to be found in respectable society."

"Doctor Layton, remember she was your wife!" interposed Louise, whose face was growing white and intense.

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"Never from that moment was she my wife! From the day I married her until that moment I had been absolutely faithful to her. I wanted no such wife, and told her so, threatening to follow in poor Uncle Billy's footsteps and obtain a legal separation. She told me to do as I pleased about it, but that for the sake of her family and my own it would be best to live in the same house, knowing well that she touched me at a sensitive point when she said that. Do you wonder that I did not stay at home much after that? A few months later we were at a ball together, and as I passed the half-open door of a small conversation room I saw reflected in a mirror hanging in the hall Mrs. Layton in the act of being kissed by another man I knew. She seemed to be entirely without discretion. Could I trust or respect any woman after this? Had she honestly loved some other man, it would have been better, but she had no capacity for honest affection of any kind,—she was a profligate of whom I have since found there are many in what is called fashionable society,—the American butterflies of the *beau monde* adapting foreign customs.

She was very beautiful in a physical way

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"We continued to live in the same house, because I was a proud man and despised publicity, until one day she took a violent cold and in a short time died of pneumonia. In order to shield herself she started, through her dear women friends, many of the reports you have doubtless heard about me. She knew that I would never speak, and that she must account for her own behavior in some way. She even did me the honor to tell me just before she died that I was the only man she had ever respected. So you see, I have never had a home since my early youth, when both of my parents died, except the one Uncle Billy has made for me; but a man cannot have a home without some woman he loves in it, whether she be mother, sister or wife.

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"I remember distinctly how, the night I met you first and took you in to dinner, we sat directly opposite Mrs. Layton, and I wondered how two women so totally different could be born into the same world. She was using all her blandishments on some foreigner,—successfully, too,—while you sat beside me without an effort to fascinate, telling me that only man was vile, and still your cold, pure face never afterward left my memory, although I did not see you again for years except casually a few times that winter.

"I tell you this now because I love you, and therefore you have the right to know why I am what I am. Louise, do you understand that I love you as I never have loved before,—with an adoration that almost means religion to me? I never knew a woman like you before, and I am a better man for knowing you. You will be my wife, Louise, and help me to strive for the development of the best in me instead of the worst? You refused to be my friend; will you be my wife?"

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He leaned toward her, his blue eyes almost purple with intensity and the love no woman could doubt. Louise had thrown her head back against the tree, and now replied with the first sound of tears in her voice he had ever heard.

"Oh, why, why have you done this? How can I be your wife? Would you have me marry you from pity of your past unhappiness? How can I marry a man whose life I do not respect? You tell me all of this as an excuse for yourself for being like thousands of other men. The man I could marry must not be like other men. His life must be as virtuous as my own——"

"Louise, look straight at me and say you do not love me," commanded Layton.

She avoided his eyes by closing her own, and was silent. "Look at me and say it, Louise," he repeated, bending over her.

"I cannot," she replied piteously. "It would be a lie. I will tell you the one way, but not the best way. I could never trust a physical love, as this must be, when I do not respect you. I love you, but I do not love your sins. When I am with you there is no world to me without you, but when I get away from your personal influence and think, I know you are not my ideal, and I could not marry a man who is not. Think of your own experience." She covered her eyes with her hands, as if blindness to his presence were her only safeguard.

"I have heard you say that Ol was your ideal. Could you marry him?" he asked.

"No, no!" she replied. "That is quite different."

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"Yes, different as far as education goes, but the purity of your ideal man is there. He has led a blameless life. The temptations of the flesh are not to Ol what they are to other men. Is a man to be judged by the amount of evil he has in him or the amount of evil he has overcome? You know so little of real life that you hold one standard up for all men without taking into account their different natures; nor do you give them credit for the amount of resistance they have put forth. I confess that my life has not been like yours, but neither have your temptations been like mine, and I have not been one-fourth as bad as I might have been. Don't you realize that I know myself unworthy of you as well as you know me to be, but have you no forgiveness? Have you no desire to help me to live for you? Mine is a nature dependent upon human influence. You will say, why not live the best you know for right's sake? Some men can do that,—my weakness is in needing some one to live for. I have never had any one, and am that much worse off. Louise, I love you. Let me take care of you. Let me hold you in my arms as I did when you asked me to carry you all the way, confessing how lonely you often are——"

"When did I do that?" she asked, opening her eyes and looking at him.

"The day Ol saved your life. I carried you from the beach to the cart."

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"Then I did not dream that! It was true. I want the love and companionship all women want, but I would be afraid to marry you unless I could see life as you do. I might grow to despise you. There is only one standard of right, and men as well as women ought to be outcasts from society who fall below it."

"Then you think yourself capable of making a standard for the many millions, do you?" he asked almost bitterly. "Go out into the world, my child, and learn to know its woes; meet temptations, poverty, illness, sorrow in every form, with unswerving resistance, then sit calmly and say what you do now, and you will have some right to speak.

"Why, child, you did not even control a whim to row down the Breach alone when you had been warned against it, and you cast me out into utter darkness because I am not a perfect man!"

"And you are the only one to reproach me for that folly. I know there is a grain of truth in what you say, but I cannot understand it. Perhaps some day I may, and——" she hesitated.

"And, Louise, and what? Then you will come to me?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know! It is all so hard! I wish I did not care for you! I am learning now what temptation means," she cried. "Don't you see that if I should marry you, and lose this feeling through lack of respect, that our lives would be miserable? I am uncompromisingly honest. I would not live with you if I did not love you."

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"Yes, I begin to understand you, dear," replied Layton gently. "Nor would I wish you to be my wife until you feel differently about it. I said this to you now after so short an acquaintance because I am perfectly sure of myself, and I was in hopes you would give me the right to help you bear a great trouble that you must inevitably face. If I could take you in my arms and say, 'I will try to be the man you could love if you will let me share your burden and lead you through the darkness to come——'"

"What do you mean by 'darkness'? Is it true what I have feared?" she cried, straightening up and staring at him.

"Let me take your hand, Louise. Just let me hold my love that much, so that I may help you bear it," he hesitated, but she

"Here comes Doctor Layton," she said

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hardly noticed that he took her hand in both of his strong but gentle hands. "Let me help you bear it," he repeated. "How can I see you walk through the valley of the shadow alone, Louise? How can I tell you this? It almost makes a baby of me——"

"Say it, Doctor Layton, say it!"—she clung to him. "Do you mean blindness?"

"I mean, dear, that cataract is growing over both of your eyes, that the crystalline lenses were in an advanced state of disease when you came to me, and that I can do nothing for you, nor can any one else, until it has entirely covered the eyes, when they can be operated upon and you may see again. This growth, as it seems to you, may take a few years or it may take many. There is no means of knowing, and I want to lead you through the twilight in my arms, Louise, but you will not let me."

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She had sat still staring at him as he talked, but now she said slowly, "I am going blind. Not to see, not to know the beauty of the world, not to see your face, not to see father. I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I can see across the pond. Shoot a cartridge and I'll tell you what it hits. I can't go blind; you are only telling me that in revenge for what I won't do."

She pulled her hand away and turned her face from him. He moved closer to her and threw one arm around her shoulder. "You do not mean that, dear," he said. "It is an awful truth, but there is light at the end of it. The waiting for utter darkness is the worst part. You must call in another opinion when you go up to town and be perfectly satisfied about it. I sent you down here, not to cure your eyes, but to strengthen your body against this blow, and to soften your heart and judgment by contact with the children of Nature. You must see another specialist and be satisfied with my diagnosis or——"

"Don't!" she burst out. "Do you think I doubt you? I have felt it coming myself. How can I bear it? What shall I do? Not to see! Keep it from me, Everett, keep it from me! Don't let it come." She turned her face so it pressed against his shoulder, as though to hide her eyes from their doom, and he held her in his arms.

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"I would not have told you, my Louise, had I not known that once away from this life you would strain your eyes in your devotion to your father's pursuits and your own love of study. Remember that you may grow to be an old woman before the sight is entirely obscured——"

"And live all those years without reading, only seeing things dimly! I saw an old woman once who had waited fifteen years for the film to cover her eyes, and she could do nothing but knit stockings by the sense of touch. Can't you see me knitting stockings?" and she laughed bitterly, drawing herself away from him. "Doctor Layton," she continued, "did you ask me to be your wife because you pitied me? I talked about pitying you, didn't I? while you were pitying me all the time. Oh, it is cruel! But you are a generous man." The large, slow tears gathered in her eyes.

"Louise, will you never say that again?" Layton said. "I asked you to be my wife because I love you more than an ordinary man knows how to tell. I would be whatever you wished me to be as your husband. There would be no generosity on my part in doing the thing that would give me the greatest joy on earth. It would only be a selfish pleasure for me to be with you through the darkness. Try to soften your heart to my faults, Louise; try to know the charity that is kind, and I will come to you again some day and ask the question again."

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"No; this is the end," she replied. "I could never be a burden to any man,—not even to you. I must walk the path alone; not even father must know yet a while; he is growing feeble, and the shock of my accident completely upset him. I believe you love me,—could any woman doubt it after such a display of unselfishness,—but I have lived alone most of my life, and must do so until the end. Take me in your arms again, Everett; I am a very weak woman, after all. I want your love so much that I can hardly do this thing. I must have a remembrance in my blind old age of a lover's touch. All women have that but me. I never cared for any man but you, and no man has ever touched me before in this way." He held her in his arms again and kissed her lips.

"It can harm no one, can it?" she went on, letting one hand linger on his hair and shoulders, "for me to kiss the man I love good-by? We must not see each other alone any more. I might give in and repent afterward. 'Tis hard to practice what one preaches. A blind wife who says she does not respect him would not be an enviable possession for any man, would she?"

"Louise, I wish you would let the tears come. Cry if you can, but do not talk like that. I am going to guard you through life this way, and I confidently believe it will not be long before the cataract can be operated upon and you will see as well as ever."

"Do not try to bolster me up with possibilities. You are not going to guard me through life this way. I am letting you say good-by. Say it now for the last time, for I must go. I must be alone to fight it out with myself. Everett, will you do one thing for me? Try to do as you said you would if I were your wife. Try to live for me,—at least, until you forget me. Make your light so shine that I may know your love for me has helped you; then if one day I should go to you and say, 'Dearest, I have learned the lesson of human love and charity together, and my pride is humbled so that I will gladly be a burden to you,' I would find you striving to live better than thousands of men."

"This I promise as I would take my marriage vows,—to try my best to live according to your standard. If I had you with me always I should want nothing else; it is loneliness that sends half the men to the devil. I can do nothing but accept the inevitable as you make it at present, but there are many years before us, and I will live on my hope," he answered solemnly, with a kind of gravity not often seen in his face.

"Good-by!" she repeated. "Good-by! Blind! Blind! Blind! Can you think what that means? I cannot bear it! My brain is going dizzy! Will it burst? Ah!"

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With that last heavy sigh she threw herself down on the ground, deep sobs shaking her body. She could not remember of ever crying before in her life. The physician knew this outburst was good for her, and he let her alone, except as he gave his hand into the nervous clasp of hers as she held on to him like a drowning person grasping a spar. Her life had hitherto been almost gray in its placidity.

Endurance is not only a question of nature, but largely of habit. People become stoical after years of hardships simply because there is no alternative, and they grow used to bearing what must be borne, just as a bird sings in a cage. Louise had never suffered before objectively, and for the moment she was prostrated, but gradually her native reserve came to her rescue. Once self-consciousness returned, pride recalled her self-control, and she followed Layton back to the boat in a state of strained composure. They looked for Ol on the way back, and Layton called him, but he did not appear.

When they started down the Breach toward home she said, "Let me change my seat so that I may not lose one minute of this sunset. There may not be many more for me."

He seated her comfortably with her back to him as he rowed. They both quietly watched the colors fade from the western sky, and owing to the short days saw at the same time the moon silvering overhead as the sunlight disappeared. Louise sat resting her chin in both hands, her head uncovered, for she held her hat in one hand pressed against her cheek, her elbows supported by her knees. Her tendency seemed to be to huddle herself into the smallest space possible.

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Without moving she said, in a vacant, unrhythmic way, "Doctor Layton, is it not strange that in all the thousands of people I have met in my life only one should be able to possess me in this way? Every woman has lovers, and of course some men have said they loved me, but I never felt anything for any one of them. When I was only seventeen, a young college boy was my nearest friend, and I suppose I cared for him as silly girls do care at that age, but he died, and I had begun to think I had no power of loving like other people. At last, when it comes, it is only a bitter sorrow to me."

"I am sorry to hear you say that," he replied, "because the giving out of love in any form ought to warm one's being and make one better even in separation. I think I am not only a better man but a happier man for loving you. A great, empty space in my thoughts is filled with you and my hope for the future."

"But I have not that hope. I can't make myself over," she replied.

"No; but you can add to yourself. I tell you what you need is to know real life. If you live on earth you must get your earthly bearings. If the Creator had intended us to be perfect beings in this early stage of evolution, He would have made us other than human. The sins you condemn are condemnable, but they are no worse than many you excuse daily because you have a particular abhorrence of one or two kinds of sin and do not recognize others at all. Read your Ten Commandments as a starting point, and think about what I have said.

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"Oh, I'll think enough. There will be little else for me to do. You must not let me keep you from Uncle Billy's house. I would change the plans were not he and father so happy in being together again. If you and I cannot be together always, we had best never see each other."

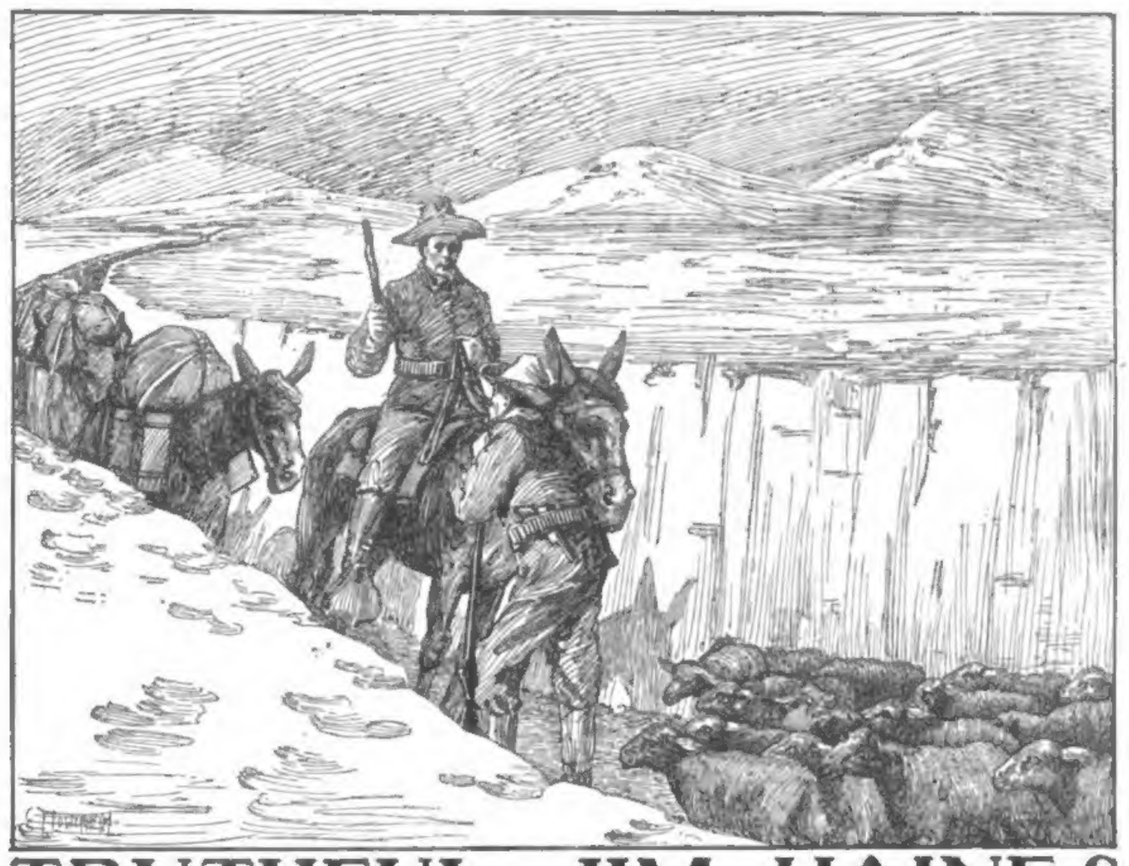
"I shall have no time to get out of town until Christmas, when I am coming down for the day to repeat my question."

"There will be no use in repeating it. I have never changed an opinion once formed in my life."

"You also say that you never loved before, dear," he replied, leaning forward and turning her head so that she was compelled to look at him. The color came to her face, and her eyes flashed brighter for one moment; then he picked up the oar and rowed on, while she resumed her former attitude, repeating slowly, "'To be constantly, lovingly grateful for the gift of a perfect love is the best illumination of one's mind to all the possible good there may be in store for man on this troublous little planet.' George Eliot said that. I wonder if it is true?"

"This man finds it true in his case," Layton responded, but she seemed not to hear him. Her eyes rested on the dying colors of the west, whose growing shadows pictured her own future to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



TRUTHFUL JIM HAINES

BY SAM DAVIS *Drawing By Fred Lowenheim*

HE RESIDES in the little town of Genoa, Douglas County, Nevada, and he came across the Sierra range in 1859. He is somewhat over seventy, gaunt and rugged in frame, with hands indicating a man who has seen hard work. The most noticeable feature about Haines is his deep, heavy jaw, the like of which I never saw on a mortal man. Haines is now a man worth, say, half a million, through owning a vast tract of redwood timber in Eureka County, Nevada. In his old age he likes to tell of the hard times he used to undergo, and the memories of those bitter days are all concentrated in the sad expression of his blue eyes.

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Coming from the Winnemucca Convention I found Haines sitting in the stateroom of the sleeper. I touched him on his trip over the mountains in 1859 and he responded:

"I left Placerville," said he, "with 500 head of sheep, five horses, some steers and two hired men. It was in lovely weather. We had a covered wagon, plenty of provisions, and were all in a happy mood. Everything went along nicely until we got near McClauber's, when just after sunset one night a little black cloud about the size of my hat came over us. It got bigger and bigger, until the blackest pall you ever saw covered the heavens, and the snow came down in sheets.

"When I say sheets, I mean sheets. I calkerlate the snow was packed up in the sky and the weather clerk just sliced it off from the under side. You saw the layer of snow come down, and when it fell around you and your head went through it you saw the next layer comin'.

"These are facts which any old settler will verify. Well, in the morning our sheep were out of sight under the snow. Well, it was tough, but we began to shovel 'em out. About a mile from our camp was a stable where the overland stage horses were kept.

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"We ran a tunnel from the sheep to the stable, and drove the sheep through.

"We had to make tunnels through that tunnel to light the way, and it was as pretty a piece of engineering as I ever saw. We ran it by guess, and hit the stable door square in the middle the first time.

"Well, when the sheep began to crowd into the stable the horses got uneasy, but the sheep kept wedging in till there wasn't enough room, so the first gang made a solid floor and the next climbed up on top, and the next on top of that. When they all got in there were three stories of sheep, one above the other, and the horses out of sight. We couldn't get the sheep out of the place to save our necks, and finally I started in to feed them hay.

"The top story ate the hay, but the two under stories couldn't get a nip.

"As soon as the horses smelt grub they made a big effort to get on top of the sheep, and the sheep were wedged in so tight that the horses walked all over them. The wool was thick and soft, and it beat all the body-Brussels carpet you ever saw. After about ten days we had to pull the building down to get the sheep out, and the two under layers had eat all the wool off each other. Yet the critters seemed to have got along all right during that time, and I noticed that when they lay down at night they would all lie down together and all rise in the morning to their feet. This puzzled the horses on top when the mass would rise and lower five or six feet, at which time the horses would gallop around almost frightened to death.

"Well, we got the sheep out and kept tunneling away until we got along by old Batchfor's, where the snow wasn't so deep, and they made cuts instead of tunnels.

"We struck a splendid cut in the hard snow. It was six feet deep and just wide enough for a pack mule.

"They told us it was made by a man who had a pack-mule route over the mountains to Virginia City, and that if we met him he'd make us turn back. I laughed at the idea, for we were all well heeled and no man could turn us unless he was a quicker shot.

"Well, we piled our sheep and cattle and horses into this cut, and things glided along all right until the second day, when the line came to a halt.

"By Jove, we'd met the pack-mule man. I climbed out on the hard snow and got round to the head of the column with a big Winchester rifle, and found him sitting on a pack-mule looking as serene and smiling as anything. All he had in his hand was a small cane, and he looked like he owned the earth. Behind him was a string of pack-mules as far as I could see.

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"We passed the time 'er day, and then he began to talk about the 'right-er-way' and the 'competitive points in travel.' I had never heard of those things before, and wasn't disposed to place much stock in 'em, but when he balanced the cane on the finger and thumb of his left hand and began to play his right along over the knots and talk, I laid down my rifle and began to listen. His language was convincin', I tell ye. He showed how that I was only just in the trail, and could turn back with a great deal less expense and inconvenience, and that as he was carrying the United States mail, obstructing it might result in my being taken into Court for it, and perhaps landed in the Sacramento jail for life.

"When he got through I said I'd turn back, and so I told my men. They were hot, and went to the front vowing to kill him.

"They rushed up, and in a few minutes came back as meek as lambs, saying he had explained the whole matter to their entire satisfaction.

"Well, to make a long story short, the cut was so narrow that the animals couldn't turn, so we had to lean over the cut and reach down and lift 'em one at a time and twist 'em round towards the West.

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"It took us all day, and when we got through we dropped down in the room and fell asleep, while the pack-mule man went along through the cut, driving all our truck out before him.

"In the morning we found the cut empty and our sheep driven out at the end of the cut, rounded up and waiting for us. It just occurred to me that I ought to have asked the stranger his name, when one of my men said he guessed the party had left his card. Sure enough, he had tied 'leven sheep in a row, and with a pot and marking-brush he had painted his name in black paint on the sides of the sheep, one letter on each sheep. I could read it easily enough.

"'S-t-e-p-h-e-n G-a-g-e.' The last four sheep were a little distance from the rest.

"Come to find out we had got twelve miles into the cut when we met 'im, and he had only got in a mile. Pretty cute fellow, wasn't he?"—San Francisco Examiner.

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THE PERSONAL SIDE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTORS.

By George Henry Payne

III

RICHARD MANSFIELD

THERE is no actor on the American stage to-day whose personal side is so little known to the general public as Richard Mansfield's. His soul is with his art, and what time he does not spend on the stage is given up to study and needed rest.

The public knows nothing of his outside doings, his amusements, his feelings or his habits. It knows nothing of that gentler side that there must be in every one of great sensibility. All that the public knows is that Mansfield is a man of gigantic energy and ambition, a man of wonderful keenness and intellect. He is known as a caustic, egotistic wit, severe in his denunciation of the ridiculous, intolerant of the farcical and absurd. Sometimes, apparently, the "man" appears inconsistent, and, without stopping to think whether this inconsistency may not be a means of reflecting some of his inner nature, it is assumed that this is but "another of Mansfield's eccentricities."

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False stories, and too much readiness to accept easy explanations, have given Mansfield a wonderful character indeed. If a person were to read everything that has been written about him, without having seen him on or off the stage, he would, in all probability, imagine him some marvelous and terrible giant, going about fighting (wittily quarreling) with every person whom he met. But any one who has seen him in one of his plays can find in one scene, perhaps two, or perhaps in the entire play, some delicious bit of gentleness, showing that that witty and caustic man, who has been so misrepresented, has, underneath it all, a tenderness that is almost a woman's.

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That great painter, James MacNeil Whistler, after a long career devoted to the "gentle art of making enemies," a career apparently as pugnacious as Mansfield's, ended on one occasion, in a little speech that he made to some friends, with the statement that underneath the fighting man, the man who was always ready to dumbfound and confound an adverse critic, was the man that trembled as a child and felt an awful desolation every time he "was forced to make an enemy." I think we have here Mansfield's prototype. I do not mean to say that Mansfield trembles when he makes one of his sparkling epigrams, but the private virtues of the man that the public knows nothing of are those of the extremely sensitive being; and the extremely sensitive being, as a rule, hides its sensitiveness beneath the swaggering costume of Don Cæsar de Bazan.

AS DON JUAN

Part of Mansfield's artistic feeling, and some of his versatility, he inherited from his mother, Madam Reudersorf, the prima donna. He was born in Heligoland about forty years ago. His early youth was spent traveling with his mother. In this way the boy came to an unusual keenness. He was constantly in the company of people of superior wit; he was meeting at one time or another men and women who had won distinction in some of the arts, so that he began to grow toward that all-sided love of the arts,—painting, music, literature and drama,—that has distinguished the man. Such a training for a boy could hardly be expected to make of him a dullard. It would not have been surprising if it had killed all of the higher and finer instincts of his nature, but it did not.

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He was educated in Germany, and then went to Eton School, England. Even so far, what an education for an actor! The traveling and the continuous change of scenery would have developed an unusually bright boy, indeed, and of Mansfield it made a precocious youth, who is remembered on the ground of his schooldays even now. When he was at school in England the boys gave a performance of the Merchant of Venice, Mansfield acting Shylock. The Bishop of Litchfield was a guest of honor that day, and, at the conclusion of the play, he asked the youthful Shylock to come forward, so that he might speak to him. Shaking the boy's hand, he said:

"Heaven forbid that I should encourage you to become an actor; but should you, if I mistake not, you will be a great one."

It was the desire of Mansfield's mother that her son should be a painter. Mansfield himself had some inclination in this direction, and studied for some time in South Kensington; but, unfortunately, this could not be kept up, and he determined to come to America.

Keen and practical with all his artistic feeling, he saw nothing better ahead than a mercantile life, so he obtained a position in the establishment of Jordan & Marsh, Boston, and began the "study" of the dry-goods business. But he had hardly embarked on this venture when he found that there was some little return for his artistic studies; some pictures of his were sold, and this encouraged him to give up commercial life and go to France to study art.

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Soon he was back in London with a very few shillings in his pocket, and no means of increasing the number. No pictures could be sold,—his only capital was his wit (which was not bringing in money) and a remarkable falsetto voice, which, up to this time, he would never have thought of including in an inventory of assets.

His musical education, obtained from his mother, had been thorough, but not so much its thoroughness as its "freaky" side obtained him his first theatrical engagement. He began by singing at Bohemian gatherings, and at last was employed at three pounds a week by D'Oyly Carte to sing in a provincial opera company.

An illustration of Mansfield's conscientious character, of his willingness to sacrifice everything (for it was everything to him then) when he thought that he was right, is shown by the way in which he left Carte's company. He had made something of a success in a rôle, and knew that his predecessor had obtained a larger pecuniary compensation. He went to the manager and asked that his salary be raised from three pounds a week to three pounds ten shillings. The ten shillings were refused, and Mansfield left.

There was another period of storm and stress. Again the young painter, singer and actor walked the streets of London. Not always did he eat three square meals,—seldom, in fact, were any of them square. His humor did not forsake him; it became cynical, though. Gilbert and Sullivan were then at the height of their success in London. One day a well-built young man presented himself to Gilbert. He was desirous of joining the company. His clothes were worn,—too well worn, in fact; there was a shabbiness about him, but, withal, the gentleman showed beneath.

AS RICHARD III

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There was a *boutonnière* in his coat, his voice was suave, his manner cool and self-possessed, and his eye clear; the face was that of a man of intellect, and the smile a trifle cynical. You have seen Beau Brummel, in that last scene, depicting the great gentleman in poverty. Mansfield knew well how to act that rôle,—he had acted it in earlier days in London.

Gilbert asked him what he could sing.

He turned to the pianist and said, "Play La Ci Daren."

The pianist looked at him in amazement: "You don't mean the duet from Don Giovanni?"

"Play, play," said Mansfield imperatively.

Catch the Beau Brummel note. This young man, instead of breakfasting that morning, had purchased a *boutonnière*. He was in no mood for any trifling.

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He sang the duet,—the baritone, deep and full, and the answering soprano in a clear treble. He was given the part of Sir Joseph, in Pinafore, as a result of this display, and from that time on he met with fairly good success in the rôle of a comic opera singer.

While in Scotland once, the company with which he was playing was ordered to produce the Pirates of Penzance, for copyright purposes, although the music had not been completed by Sullivan. Mansfield was given the part of the Major-General, and, when he asked for the music, he was told that there was none, and that he would have to sing it to some sort of a jingle. Turning to the orchestra he said:

"Give me eighth and sixteenth notes, and two beats to the measure, in the key of G, if you please."

The orchestra complied with his request, and it was this improvisation of his that was afterward used by Sullivan in writing the patter song.

Imagine the Mansfield whom you have seen as Richard the Third, or as Shylock, or as the dandified Beau Brummel, or the cutting and witty Dick Dudgeon, playing the part of Koko in the Mikado, for that was one of his next successes.

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Seven years after he had left America he was back again, with some reputation, though not enough to make his appearance of any striking importance. They were seven years that he did not regard as wasted, however. They were seven years of experience; seven years of study. Everybody knew that comic opera singers were very serious off the stage; everybody knew that comic opera singers were desirous of playing Shakespearian rôles; there was nothing, therefore, very remarkable about Mansfield, so far as they knew.

He was with an out-of-town company, Iolanthe, when he sprained his foot dancing. He came back to New York just as Mr. Palmer, his manager, was about to put on A Parisian Romance. J. H. Stoddard, the veteran actor, had been offered the part of Baron Chevrial, but on reading it over he decided that it was not of enough importance, and declined to take it.

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Mansfield was offered the part and accepted it. During the rehearsal the stage manager paid little attention to him,—the part was rather unimportant. The night before the play was to be produced Mansfield sat silently among a few Bohemian friends. "What's the matter, Mansfield?" asked one of them.

Mansfield raised his head: "To-morrow night I shall be famous. I want you to come and see me play."

The entrance of the Baron Chevrial that night was the beginning of Mansfield's career as an actor. At the end of the first act he was called before the scenes, and when the curtain fell on the last act he was famous.

As an example of Mansfield's acting, even at this date, of his thoroughness, his keenness, and his interpretative powers, his first entrance in A Parisian Romance stands preeminent.

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The uncertain step, the unsteady hand, the shriveled face and querulous voice, all point to a man of individuality,—all help to make up one of the finest pieces of stage portraiture. Was it any wonder that the next day Mansfield was declared an American actor who had "come"? He held his audience breathless all through the evening, leading them up to the great climax, and when the curtain came rustling down at the end of the fourth act, on the words, "Stop the music, the Baron is dead," the audience arose and shouted its tribute to the actor.

That self-possession which he had learned in adversity, in storm and struggle, did not desert him. As an example, too, of his humor, if rightly understood, it is told that at the end of one of the acts, the manager, Mr. Palmer, now his intimate friend, came

AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the third in the Post's series of The Personal Side of America's Greatest Actors, by George Henry Payne.

I—Sol Smith Russell	October 29
II—Francis Wilson	December 3
III—Richard Mansfield	January 14

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into Mr. Mansfield's dressing room: "Young man, you are acting superbly," he said.

"That's what I am here for. You must excuse me, I am very busy," and Mansfield proceeded with his make-up, touching up the lines of his face for his third act.

A Parisian Romance had a long run, and then Mansfield had to look out for a new piece, but, unfortunately, even after his big success he was obliged again to attempt comic opera parts.

At the Boston Museum, in 1886, he made another hit in Prince Karl, a play that even to-day has its hold on the public; not because of any particular merit of its own, for it is little more than a farce, but because of Mansfield's delightful interpretation of the German Prince. In A Parisian Romance his success lay in his wonderfully broad acting; in Prince Karl it was in his delicacy, his humor and versatility. Few actors, in fact no actor, could make the broken English of the German Prince so charming, so interesting, seemingly so real. In his love scene, especially with the American girl, he showed a fineness of feeling, a delicacy and ability to make love in a manner that won for him the unstinted admiration of the matinée girl, who is many, and not to be despised by an actor, no matter how high his art standard may really be.

AS BEAU BRUMMEL

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Mansfield was now considered the best comedian of his kind on the American stage. While Prince Karl was running in New York all summer to a crowded house, while people were talking of that delightful comedian, that very funny farce, Mansfield was seriously studying, preparing for some "real work," something that would be really artistic. That summer he, one day, told a friend of the writer:

"I am going to produce Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I don't expect it will be a money-making play, but I do think it will be an artistic one."

This sentence, spoken some twelve years ago, may be regarded as his motto, for in these twelve years no man has striven harder to produce plays of really artistic merit than he has; no man has worked more faithfully to give the American public something "new," something that would not depend for its success on trivialities. Occasionally he has failed,—frequently he has failed. For a successful actor he has had a striking number of absolute failures, but his failures have been notable, for they were failures that gained something, even though the plays did not succeed themselves.

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"Mansfield is versatile" is a common way of accounting for his success. It is too easy, and it is not entirely true. He has a monumental temperament,—it is this that enables him to place himself in any position and feel exactly as the character would under the circumstances, to make his audience forget the illusion, and believe for the time that they are viewing the actual experiences of a real, instead of a fictitious, character.

It was said of Junius Brutus Booth, I believe, that preparatory to appearing before an audience as the maddened Othello, he would walk behind the scenes and lash himself into a rage, so as to make a good impression. That was the old method of tragedians.

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GEORGE HENRY PAYNE was educated in the New York public schools and the College of the City of New York. He began working on the New York daily papers as reporter in 1891, and afterward did editorial writing and music and art criticisms. He was editor of a weekly paper at Long Branch in 1893, and during the year 1894 edited and owned a metropolitan weekly called The Gothamite. He has written art and musical criticism, verse and fiction for various weeklies, and has acted as New York correspondent for several out-of-town papers.

At times Mr. Payne has lectured before philosophical societies on the philosophical tendencies of the day, and sometimes on literary subjects. He takes an active interest in local politics, and was mentioned as a candidate for the Assembly by the Republicans last year. He has done into English verse a Russian poem called The Power of Evil, for which music has been composed and which is probably be heard in New York this winter.

He is a member of the Salmagundi Club, the New Arts Club and the Torrey Botanical Club.

Mansfield's is more subtle. He obtains his effects by means more quiet, methods more delicate. The old tragedians (and some of our own day, for that matter) make the wooing of Annie, in Richard the Third, an absolute farce, and her acceptance of the murderer as her lover almost an impossibility. Mansfield showed in his Richard the Third that the Duke of Gloster had charm of manner, and that he was not without insinuating graces, though, by preference, he usually used other methods. That scene, subtly done as it was, was no more delicate than anything else the actor does.

The Personal Side of Sol Smith Russell showed the keynote of his character to be a soulful kindliness. With Mr. Wilson it was thoroughness. With Mr. Mansfield it might be said to be efficiency. It is this personal or mental quality that is seemingly the most prominent. Versatile himself, and always keen to see any advantage or any opportunity for improvement, he looks for the same quality in others,—not always with success. Once he was trying to show a "super" how to say a single line that constituted his part. He pointed out to the man his deficiencies, and, finally taking the position himself, he rushed on the stage and spoke the line with a great deal of naturalness and fervor.

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"Can't you see how it is done?" he asked the "super."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "but if I could do it like that I would not be working for three dollars a week." "Three dollars a week," said the actor musingly; "well, if you only get three dollars a week you can do it any way you like."

There is one place where Richard Mansfield ceases to direct, to criticise and to drill, and that is in his home. Within an hour and a half of New York is Rye, and there, when the season is over, he spends his time, studying, planning, sketching and playing, for he is a musician as well as an artist, actor and author. His wife was Miss Beatrice Cameron, for a number of years a member of his company. In full sympathy with his ideas, and bringing to their union an intelligent appreciation of his peculiar genius, she has made his home life something that he is always looking forward to, even in the height of his successful season.

A friend of Mrs. Mansfield tells how, on one occasion, she called on that lady before she knew much about the actor himself. As the afternoon wore away and rain continued to pour down, Mrs. Mansfield suggested that they go upstairs and "have Dick amuse us." As the lady knew Mansfield to be a great student, and had heard considerable about his severe attitude toward life in general, and his caustic wit, she was rather amazed at the suggestion that he would "amuse."

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"I never passed a more pleasant afternoon," she said afterward. "He was comfortably seated in a big armchair, busily engaged with some book; but as soon as we entered he jumped up and wanted to know what he could do for us. And then began a long series of comments on books, plays and pictures that was simply delightful."

If you were to enter the home now and begin your conversation in too loud a key, there would come from the actor:

"Hush! I'm afraid you will wake him. He's asleep."

"He" is now the King of the Mansfield household. He has come within a few months, a bright boy, whose voice has some of the marvelous range that once distinguished his father. As a stranger remarked who saw the actor get on a Broadway car, Richard Mansfield looks now like the happiest man on earth.

Perhaps Mansfield's greatest surprise to those who did not know him was his book called Blown Away, a volume of "nonsense" for children. Like Alice in Wonderland, it is simple enough to amuse youngsters, but beneath the surface there is a great deal of caustic comment that will not prove uninteresting to their elders of either sex.

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I was behind the scenes one night when Mansfield came off the stage with the little chap who played his son in the First Violin. Usually, when the curtain falls, actors waste no time in keeping up a play, but drop into their every-day and not always interesting selves. But on this occasion the little fellow clung to Mansfield's hand, and the actor, with his arm around the youngster's shoulder, romped with him half way across the stage. It was a genuine "romp," fitted for green fields and golden youth. Struggles, hardships and study had not hardened this man, despite his reputation for cynicism.

And here, perhaps, it might be well to explain how Mansfield came by his reputation as an egotist. A reporter was sent to interview him one time, and the young man began with the startling question:

"Mr. Mansfield, what do you think of your art?"

"Since Garrick's time there has been no actor but myself," replied the actor promptly.

Where the reporter's sense of humor was it is hard to tell, for he wrote up Mr. Mansfield as a terrible example of theatrical egotism. Evidently he completely missed the twinkle in the actor's eye.

ON WRITING AN ARTICLE

By G. S. Street

WHEN you glance at an average article,—I pay you the compliment of supposing you do no more than glance,—you are in the habit of saying, "Any fool could have written this." That, at least, was my own invariable reflection, with (I confess) the further one that I, who am no fool, could have written it far better.

I used to compute that I could write about six ordinary articles before lunch, and it seemed an easy and comfortable way of earning a livelihood. It seemed an agreeable life. I would breakfast in a civilized way at ten, write my six articles in a pleasant, casual, slippered way, and stroll into Piccadilly at two, with the rest of my day for pleasure.

There was, indeed, the objection that the life was too easy, possibly, for the dignity of man; that it gave too little employment to the energies and intellect of a noble specimen of the race; that Carlyle would have been rude about it. But (I reflected) obvious work is not the only employment of faculties; at afternoon tea, on a race-course, in a theatre, one's faculties may be in full use, one's intellect alert and worthily employed; life and human nature are assuredly worthy the study of a thinking man.

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So I gave up my chance of a career elsewhere, and came to London to write articles. Having established myself in a manner suitable to a man who was going to make fifty pounds a week, and add six bricks to his house of reputation every day, I dropped in on an editor and told him what I intended to do. I was careful to avoid any appearance of intellectual arrogance, and concealed my contempt for the models he suggested to me. I even remarked, with a pleasant smile, that he might not care for my articles, and liked the humility with which he replied that they might be above his comprehension.

We exchanged these courtesies for a while, and then, "By-the-way," he said, "on what subjects can you write?"

I answered, "Oh, anything," and he simply said, "I see."

With this *carte blanche* I left him. It was natural I should be a little elated, seeing success in clear view, and it was wise to work off a little excess of spirits in the amusements of the town. But a week later I sat down seriously to my task.

It was rather difficult to choose a subject. When you come to think of it, there is really a huge number of things in the world. Being of a literary habit, books suggested themselves to me. I thought of a critique of Mr. Swinburne or a study of Byron.

But this was criticism, and I wished to create, thinking,—in those days,—that the creative was the finer faculty. Besides, such subjects are not quite apposite, perhaps, not of the sort for which mere newspapers care. Moreover, the editor had suggested a humorous article. I thought of a comic article on Registration in the style of the Pilgrim's Progress, but made little way with the idea.

It was very difficult to choose a subject. Books failing me, I went into the world of men in search of humor. Before I had purposely looked for them I was always encountering humorous incidents; now I saw few, and those not convenient to my purpose.

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A man going under a ladder got a dab of paint on his hat, but my Perils of the Pavement ran to half a page only. I followed a drunken man all down the Strand, but he only hiccoughed. I went all over London on an omnibus to catch the driver's humorous remarks, but you can make little of "'igher up." I underpaid a cabman in the hope of a humorous repartee, but he simply called a policeman.

Oh, yes, any fool can write the article, but you must give him the subject. The difficulty nearly drove me mad. I would sit biting my pen at my writing-table after breakfast, and pace up and down the room for hours. Instead of finishing six articles by lunch-time, I had merely eaten six pens. I plunged into dissipation by reason of my despair. I could not sleep. My projected article got on my nerves so completely that I was unfit for social intercourse. I developed the worst faults of the copy-hunting journalist, and all without writing a line that could be printed.

When a subject came I could not deal with it; my mind went a-gadding to another before I had arranged the most elementary scheme. The most delightful subject that ever delighted Sterne would have seemed to me simply not worth while. The responsibility was more than I could bear.

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At last, having tried the whole world of noble ideas and humorous incidents, I went crestfallen to my editor, who told me to write an article on an old woman who had swallowed her teeth; not, you will suppose, an extremely diverting or inspiring subject, but, the responsibility of selection removed, one could find words. I do not know if anybody laughed over my article, but at least it was brought to an end and printed, and I could regard the universe with some degree of equanimity once more.

Therefore, when you hear of fine scholars, erudite and experienced, bringing their powers to bear upon some ignoble and dictated subject, do not pity them. If they must write articles they are a thousand times more fortunate than the writer who may choose his theme from all the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This little sketch is taken from Some Notes of a Struggling Genius, by G. S. Street. Published by John Lane, New York.

A LOAD OF HAY

BY STANLEY WATERLOO

A LOAD of hay in the crowded street,
A whiff of the scent of clover,
A change of thought,—vague,—incomplete,—
A living a young life over.

A day in August, and clouds of white,
A shifting of light and shadow,
The hum of bees and the martin's flight,
The meadow-larks and the meadow.

Strong arms of men and the yellow green
Of the swaths, the steady swinging
Of forms of laborers, strong and lean,
The scythes with their steely ringing.

The roar of trade, and the newsboys' call,
And the dream of a moment's over;
'Twas a brain-wave came through the noise, and all
From a whiff of the scent of clover!

—Chicago Tribune.

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The King Among Nations in His Hall

IF WE must accept Imperialism under the name of expansion; if we must lay the policy of Washington forever aside; if we must set up our flag all over the globe to follow the morning drum-beat of England, let it be so, though not without some final words of plain speaking. But, above all things, do not let us throw dust on the memory of our fathers, or ignore the stupendous work they did. Nothing in the present phase of discussion seems to me so curious as the assumption, more and more constantly made, that this nation has pursued a policy of selfish isolation, or needs to apologize for having done no more. Let us consider this a moment.

There are two forms of usefulness: that exerted by a man or nation through staying at home and bringing others within his sphere of influence, or that of going abroad and hunting up opportunities. The fine old writer, John Selden, in his Table Talk, in speaking of the early English Kings, does not tell us what foreign wars they waged, but he says, "The King himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords with him, and thus he understood men." King Richard, neglecting his Kingdom to wage useless war for the Holy Sepulchre, was not so fine a figure, or worth so much to the world, as this King, who learned to understand men by remaining in his own hall, and welcoming them there.

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This nation of ours has hitherto been such a King among nations. I saw at the Queen's Jubilee last year, in London, the hitherto unknown premiers of English colonies,—places sometimes little and unimportant,—summoned from all parts of the world to pose as representatives of the glory of England; and I said to a member of the Privy Council: "Why not recognize the fact that there are in the United States three times as many natives of the British Isles as are to be found in all the British colonies put together?" He said in reply: "That is our skeleton in the closet; we do not speak of that." (For the exact figures, see Dilke's Problems of Greater Britain, page 17, and Besant's Rise of the Empire, page 110.) Which is greater, to receive the subjects of another Government and bid them prosper, or to send our own children to fight and die in creating new colonies?

That which is spoken of so lightly by the Imperialists of to-day, as if it were a merely trivial duty, has been the magnificent work of continental expansion. This was impossible for England, having no continent to expand in. It was universally recognized that England, like Holland, must shrink into insignificance, or else colonize; but for a nation stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is no such alternative. There could be no insignificance for it.

The nation which has seen its own self-governing States multiply from thirteen to fifty; which has sacrificed nearly half a million lives to abolish slavery within its borders; which has spread its inventions and its natural products over all the earth, does not need to apologize for itself. Whatever faults have been charged upon the American, no one has ever called him a drone upon the earth's surface. The test of his success is not in the colonies which he has sent out to the islands of the sea, nor the military expeditions by which he governed them, but in the way in which he has brought the natives of far-off islands,—for instance, the British,—to take refuge with him. When Sir Charles Dilke writes "The English emigrant still resorts mainly to the United States," he vindicates our claim to the world's gratitude more than if he could give a list of a hundred of our colonies. —THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

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Making Haste Slowly in Reforms

AS A RULE, healthy progress is gradual progress. It is better to go steadily forward, one step at a time, putting the foot firmly down on ground that is visible and solid, than to take vast leaps into uncertainty. The old proverb that half a loaf is better than no bread exemplifies the sound sense of the Anglo-Saxon race in the matter of reform. The radical sometimes replies to these by protesting that he is not a half loafer, and there are many minds to which a quip like this has the force of an argument. For the benefit of such as these it may be retorted that it is better to be a half loafer than a whole loafer.

The proverb in its obvious application is entirely one of the [illegible] partial achievement of wise social aims is better than entire failure or inaction. It is better to go as far as you can than to refuse to stir unless you can go all the way.

There are quite a number of things which I wish for and pray for and expect to see one of these days (if, indeed, we are permitted to look down from Heaven upon what is going on here below), but which I would not vote for in the next election or undertake to get the Legislature or the City Council to enact, because they do not represent the thought and conscience of the people; and it would be sheer folly to put them into the form of statutes or ordinances. What I would vote for now would be something far short of what I hope for, but it would be a step in that direction.

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Those who then accept a partial good are often denounced as trucklers and time-servers. It is common to apply the maxims of personal morality to our political action, and demand that every man govern himself in his political conduct by the highest ideal. This is not good counsel. In my personal action I am master of the situation; my will is my own. In my political action I am one of ten thousand or ten million, and nothing will be done unless the majority of the ten thousand or the ten million can agree upon something. The question always is: "How far can we go together?" If every man shall say, "I will not go with you at all, unless you will go all the way with me," nothing can be done.

I am not therefore prepared to favor the introduction of a bill into the present Congress providing for the inauguration of the millennium, and declare that the act shall take effect upon its passage; because I should have grave doubts of getting the present Congress to pass such a bill, and still graver doubts of getting it enforced. On the whole, I prefer to go a little more deliberately. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. The mustard seed becomes a tree, not after the manner of the mushroom, but by slow and steady growth. —WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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Where Citizens Fail in Their Duty

VOTERS in large communities are no longer doing their full duty. The claim, often made, that there is apathy among the best classes at the election period, is by no means sustained by recent experience; but in another way the voter is failing of his constitutional privileges.

What city voter knows much of the record of any save two or three of the list before him? He is enthusiastic, perhaps, on the question of who shall be Governor. Maybe he knows the candidate for Secretary of State. It is possible that his interest lies in the direction of a given candidate for Congress. Far down the list there are men who stand for the justice courts, for the constabulary, for offices that represent the handling of wills, the liberty of citizens, the custody of public funds; but these are often overlooked by the voter.

Ignorance and vice in the political management of large cities have had much to do with driving out of the preliminary contests many hundreds of citizens whose presence at primaries and conventions would have much to do in the direction of securing candidates about whom there would be no question involved aside from that of party principle. It is the duty of the citizen to agree to a scrimmage once a year, or oftener if the political necessity arises. He should go unafraid, and, with the vigor that has made his own success in life, fight the rough-and-tumble methods of the commoner ward politician. Met boldly, this element might be easily driven to bay. In some of the great cities of the country, really forceful reform movements, unhampered by isms that so often weaken measures of this character, have been put under headway. Men of standing have undertaken to direct the management of the local political organization, and in every case good has resulted.

Meanwhile, the voter must know before he goes into the polling booth something of all the men whose names are before him. He should allow himself to ballot for no thug or political cut-throat. Then, if he would do more for his citizenship and the community, he would go into the ward meeting, he would dabble in precinct politics, and in other ways elevate the tone of his town's management.

—HOMER BASSFORD.

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What Shall We Say of this Man?

THE other day a convict was pardoned out of Sing Sing, after serving ten years of a thirty-years' sentence, for a crime of which he was innocent. His release was due to the death-bed confession of the man (his brother) who had committed the crime in question. The convict, on learning that he was free, and the real criminal dead, sat down and cried, and declared that, rather than have his brother die, he would have stayed in prison the remaining twenty years.

What was this remarkable convict,—a saint? By no means; he was a man of bad character; his "record" was against him; indeed, it was so bad that it induced the jury to bring him in guilty, in spite of the alibi he proved. And yet this fellow,—this loafer, this drunkard, this thief, this worthless ruffian,—for worthless he was, according to all our standards,—this pronounced degenerate,—showed himself capable of an act of self-sacrifice and devotion such as we are accustomed to expect of saints only.

Passionate or impulsive acts of self-sacrifice are not uncommon: an act that may be done while the blood is warm and the emotions roused. But this degenerate's act was a cold fact of ten long years' duration; an impulse which endured day in and day out for somewhere near four thousand days. He went into the dock and stood his trial, and heard the verdict, knowing that he was innocent, and able at any moment to prove it by pointing to the real malefactor; he went to Sing Sing and donned the stripes, conscious that a word would have cleared him: he settled himself to a life-long burial from the world, which he had enjoyed, no doubt, as other men enjoy it, simply and solely because he could not bear to have his guilty brother pay the penalty of his guilt. And not only did he resolve to do this, but for ten years he did it, and would have done it to the end of his days had not his brother, owing, it is said, to the pangs of conscience, fallen into a consumption which carried him off before his time. This is not a romantic invention, but a plain matter of fact. How shall we reconcile it with our theory of things?

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Christ said, "Greater love hath no man than this: that he will give his life for his friend." And He declared concerning a certain sinning woman, that she should be forgiven "because she loved much." Love, from His point of view, was the fulfilling of the law; He had nothing to say about [illegible] degenerates. "A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another." What would He have said about this man? What shall we say of him?

Of course, we say that he suffered a great wrong; that he behaved nobly; that he ought to be recompensed by some one for his long, mute self-sacrifice; and that it ought to be impossible for such miscarriages of justice to occur. And after having said this, we shall discharge our minds of further thought about the matter, and go about our own affairs. But is there no further lesson to be drawn from the incident?

What is such a man as Michael O'Donnell (that is his name) worth in our community? Would you have done the thing he did? Think it over well, and answer. If you would, are you any more than his equal? If you would not, are not you his inferior? And yet, do you in your heart believe yourself no more than his equal,—still less, his inferior? Were you to meet him, would you look up to him, or would you look down to him? Would you reverence, or patronize him? Could you seriously bring yourself to believe that this street blackguard, this jail-bird, this ill-favored fellow in a dirty slop-suit, without grammar or polish, was to be named in the same breath with you, or had your firm hold upon the approbation of your common Creator? Sentimentality and clap-trap aside, could you veritably admit that?

And yet, standing with him before the clear, profound gaze of the Man of Galilee, how would the judgment go? How much, in His scales, would your gentle birth weigh, your education, your polish, your bank account, your good clothes, your fashionable connections, your abstention from gross crimes, your courtesy and amiability, your freedom from the terrible temptations of the poor and ignorant? You, or poor Mike O'Donnell, which would hear that glorious invitation, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"?

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The assumption here is, that you represent the most finished product of our modern civilization, and that Mike O'Donnell is an outcast. Let us admit distinctly that he is not a saint. Yet he, without being aware of it, as it were, did a sublime thing, which you or I (let us confess it to each other) would be more apt than otherwise to shirk doing, on one specious plea or another. But, one of two things: either Mike O'Donnell is a better man than you or I, or he is not. If he is not, then Christ is wrong, and Christianity a mistake. If he is, then you and I are wrong, and our civilization along with us. It is one of the old dilemmas, one of the old problems, and its age has not in the least diminished its awkwardness. If the outcasts among us are liable to become angels hereafter, and those of us who are on the inside here are to yield them the *pas* there, then the sooner we realize it and conduct ourselves accordingly, the better!

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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Making Aristocrats of the Americans

"FEW Americans know that any individual has, according to the laws of heraldry, the right to assume a coat-of-arms," says the author of A Primer of Heraldry for Americans. Here is triumphant democracy in the very stronghold of aristocracy, indeed! The privileged few may object, but what of that? We have been demolishing old dogmas so long, and with such uniform success, that the theory that armorial bearings are the right of the haughty few only must go, too.

The ecstasy of possessing a coat-of-arms has hitherto lain just in this sense of exclusiveness, in the idea that, while you possessed one, your neighbor had not the right to go and do likewise. And now to be told that "any individual has the right to assume and bear a coat-of-arms," and "according to the laws of heraldry" at that!

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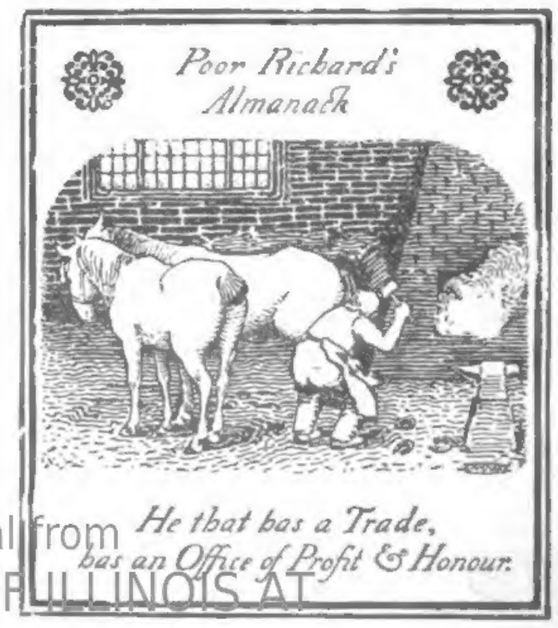
It grows daily more difficult to be exclusive. Try as the aristocrats may to lead the procession, the despised mob always overtakes them and usurps their dearly loved privileges. Wealth has always been the safeguard of aristocracy, the golden wand that conjured up exclusiveness, in the Middle Ages as well as now.

One needed a castle to display his arms above its gates, retainers to wear one's colors, carriages to advertise one's shield and charges,—and all these meant wealth. Hitherto we have had to pay heavily to the stationer, whose deep and learned researches were indispensable, to discover the genuine ancestral bearings. These worthy men deserved the high prices they charged; they labored faithfully and hard, for they never failed to trace back, through hundreds of years, the gentle ancestry of patrons who were ready and able to pay.

And now comes this new author, and knocks down the last barrier; for the price of one dollar any one can "assume and bear a coat-of-arms, according to the laws of heraldry." The grocer can display one on his delivery wagon, and the washerwoman on her laundry basket; the policeman can have one on his nightstick in poker-work, and the 'longshoreman possess a crested cotton-hook. Oh, *tempi passati!*

Wonderful are the ways of evolution! Ever upward it leads the human race, and its choice of instruments is as discriminating as it seems inexplicable to fallible human eyes. Aristocracy was created by it, only that it might raise the masses to its level; and it caused a certain German to invent the printing-press, in the fifteenth century, that a nineteenth-century student might make us all armigers at a dollar a head. Democracy is truly nearing its goal, which is a universal aristocracy. —A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM.



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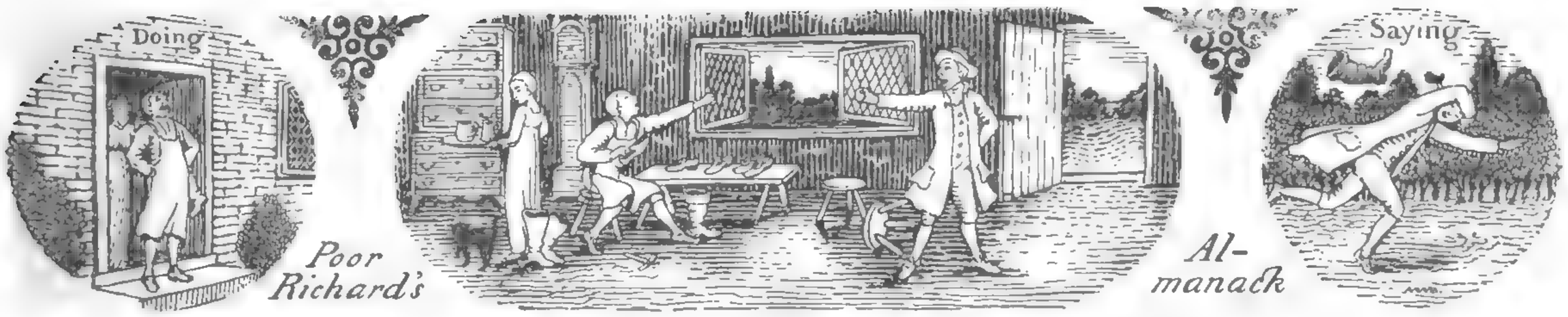
"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" that are Making History



Saying *and* Doing *have quarrel'd and parted.*

Has the United States a Right to Hold Colonies?

While awaiting the return of the American Peace Commissioners with the draft of the treaty of peace with Spain, an attempt was made in the United States Senate to test the strength of the sentiment favoring a policy of colonial expansion.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, started the debate with a resolution declaring that the United States possesses no power under the Constitution to acquire and hold colonies, and supported it with a strong speech from his point of view.

An opposing argument was made by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, who contended that the Government had a full Constitutional right, not only to acquire territory, but also to give it any form of government that seemed best adapted to its conditions and necessities.

The debate on the bill, which was not concluded at the time of writing, will take its place in history as one of the most important controversies in the American Congress, and will form a great chapter in the annals of constitutional government.

The Senate Plan for a Nicaraguan Canal

The complications over the construction of an interoceanic canal, which the POST recently showed were inevitable, have already assumed a phase which threatens a disturbance of our friendly relations with Great Britain and Nicaragua

In a nutshell, the bill before Congress provides for the building of a canal on the Nicaragua route, at an estimated cost of $100,000,000, by an American company capitalized at that figure, the Government to buy out the rights of the Maritime Canal Company for $5,000,000, and to retain $70,000,000 of the capital stock.

Against this plan stand the provisions of the concession to the Maritime Canal Company that its rights and privileges shall not be transferred to any Government or nation, and the clause in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which prohibits the United States from acquiring or exercising exclusive control over a canal through Nicaraguan territory.

The opposition to the measure declares that it attacks the sovereignty of Nicaragua and our good faith toward Great Britain, although it technically evades the question of our responsibility to those countries

The Stars and Stripes Wave in Continuous Sunlight

For many years it has been the proud boast of Englishmen that their colonial possessions were so numerously scattered over the face of the earth that there was no one hour in the twenty-four that the sun did not shine on a British flag waving somewhere.

If any one will take a map of the world, locate the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, Samoa, the Sandwich Islands, Guam, in the Ladrones, and the Philippines, and compute the time for each place relatively, he will find that the United States also is a land on which the sun never sets

From Alaska to the Philippines our possessions are within easy sailing distance of each other. They cover the range of climates from the frigid to the torrid, and all are productive and full of promise for the future.

Testing Municipal Government Under Socialism

The city of Haverhill, Massachusetts, is the first municipality in the United States to undertake government according to Socialist principles. This event was brought about by the election to the office of Mayor of John C. Chase on a distinctively Socialist platform

The pledges of the Socialists are based on the reform scheme of Eugene V. Debs, and the attempt to govern the city under them will be sure to excite widespread interest. A complete overturning of ordinary municipal methods is directly involved in the new administration.

According to the party platform, the municipality should acquire the ownership of all public utilities, and conduct them on the cooperative plan; should entirely abolish the contract labor system on public works of whatever kind; and should establish public works for the benefit of the unemployed.

Children lacking proper food, clothing and shoes should be provided with them by the city; the burden of taxation should be distributed according to the holdings of each citizen; and the principles of the initiative and referendum and proportional representation should be adopted

Did American Successes Defeat a Conspiracy Against Great Britain?

The Contemporary Review has published a highly sensational article tending to show that, just before the war between the United States and Spain broke out, the Emperor of Germany had undertaken to unite the Powers of Europe in a movement to cripple Great Britain in her foreign fields.

According to the story, the Emperor drew up a plan arranging for the naval superiority of France, Russia and Germany over Great Britain in 1902, when it was expected the latter would be compelled to make humiliating terms throughout the world, leaving Germany the chief commercial colonial Power.

The plan, however, went astray because of the war and its unexpected results, particularly the evident drawing closer together of the United States and Great Britain, and, it is asserted, American and British statesmen conjointly "bottled up" the Emperor on a full knowledge of his intentions.

Whether or not the story has any foundation in fact, it is certain that a number of surprising movements by the European Powers in China and elsewhere during the past summer were in full harmony with it, and the changed attitudes of France and Germany then and since toward the United States might be similarly explained.

McKinley's Peaceful Conquest of the South

President McKinley's midwinter tour of the principal cities in the South furnished the most striking evidence of the reconciliation of the sections that the country has yet had. A Republican President receiving the whole-souled courtesies of the West has not been an unusual sight; but the equally fervid greetings of such a Chief Executive in a section dominated by political opponents and old battle-field enemies is certainly a novel and most encouraging spectacle

The incident at Macon, consummated against the President's conception of propriety, was one of the unlooked-for demonstrations that are common to extreme enthusiasm. The event and the President's prior enunciation of the broad humanity that has illumined his public career should be judged in the spirit of the time and place.

Russia Not Going to Make Europe an Island

It was announced a short time ago that the Russian Government was about to convert Europe into a great island by constructing a canal to connect the Baltic and Black Seas, for the purpose of advancing the commercial and naval interests of the Empire.

The scheme was unfolded in many American newspapers with much particularity and many maps, and as a result numerous engineers, contractors, manufacturers of excavating machinery, and general promoters in the United States besieged Prince Hilkoff, the Minister of Ways and Communications, with applications for specifications, blank contracts and other documents

Prince Hilkoff has authorized United States Consul-General Holloway at St. Petersburg to deny the rumor that Russia is building or intends to build such a canal. He declares that there are no correct maps of that part of Russia, that the rumor was based on the scheme of a French engineer, and that the mapped route of the canal was in reality nine hundred miles short of the true distance.

No Surrender by the United States at Samoa

The tripartite government of Samoa by the United States, Great Britain and Germany has never worked satisfactorily to either Government, and while Germany has been disposed to acquire a controlling influence over the islands the United States, on the other hand, has several times been anxious to relinquish its share of authority.

Our main interest in the past has been the possible establishment of a coaling station at Pago-Pago. That interest is now more potent than ever because of various late events in the Pacific Ocean, and the probable opening of an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus or Nicaragua.

Despite the known present sentiment of our people on the Samoan question, Germany continues to agitate for exclusive rights on the islands, and the United States Government has been obliged to make known in the smooth language of diplomacy that it won't give up any right it now has there.

American Students Regenerating Turkey

In a characteristically chatty letter from Constantinople, William T. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, credits Americans with having revolutionized the Ottoman Empire, and with being at the present time the only people who are doing any good for humanity in Asiatic Turkey.

This condition has been achieved mainly through the influence of Robert College in Constantinople, an institution projected by two Christian Americans, James H. and William B. Dwight, more than thirty-five years ago, whose chief policy was the development of the faculties and the formation of character. Developments have shown how farsighted was this policy. The institution is a refutation of the claim that our system of education is not fitted for the Eastern mind.

That American College is pronounced by Mr. Stead to be to-day the chief hope of the future of the millions who inhabit the Sultan's dominions. It has sent out into the world hundreds of bright young men, who have sown the seeds of American principles and accomplished historical marvels

Graduates of the college have dotted the entire face of Asia Minor with American churches, schools and missions. They are busy everywhere, teaching, preaching and instilling a new life into the people; sticking to their Bible and spelling-book; avoiding politics; and "creating the forces which will in time effectually overrun the Turkish Empire and regenerate the East."

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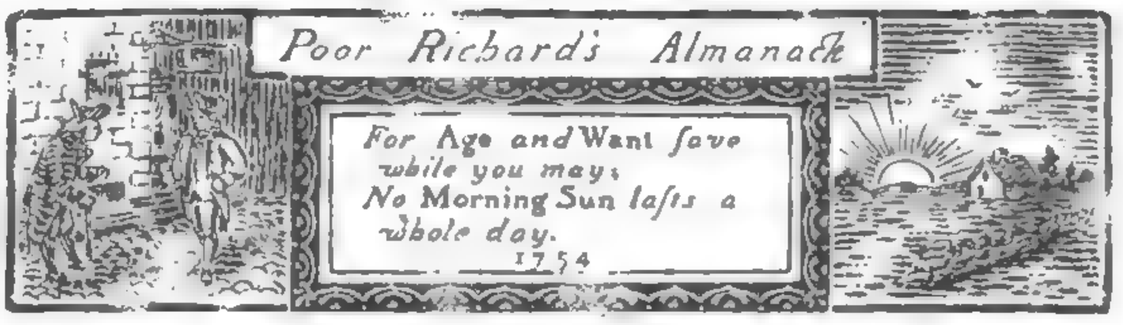
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

From a purely humane point of view a millennium for animals cannot fail to answer its noble purpose, although the argumental points against it are too numerous for a limit of two hundred words. Such a millennium, in the first place, would demand a complete revolution of the physical conditions of the animal kingdom. The carnivorous must absolutely be changed into herbi,—gramini,—and granivorous. Man must become a strict vegetarian. And then what will become of the increased number of cabbage worms, potato bugs, etc.? The term "animal" is broad, and comprises all living beings. As long as a reciprocal slaughter is necessary for subsistence a millennium is out of the question.

What a fearful blow such animal felicity would be to the gourmand, the modern Nimrod, and, above all, to the oil and grease devouring Laplander and Eskimo

Yellowstone truly is a landmark of humane philosophy, but were we to investigate the relation of animal to animal in that paradise we would find much to reverse our good opinion. Peace, absolute peace, is the first requirement for a millennium

GEO. H MADER

New Middletown, Indiana.

[If man starts out in the right direction he need not worry about a final outcome that is purely theoretic. Nature can be relied upon to see that her balance is not absolutely and finally disturbed, if man cooperates with her. There is great danger, however, when man constantly rebels against her methods by his ruthless destruction of her trees and her animals. Worrying about the evil results of kindness to animals is about as fruitless as staying up nights and losing sleep over the statement that our coal supply will run out in 2,000,000 years. —THE EDITOR.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

SIR—In the issue of the POST for December 10, 1898, there is a paragraph (page 379) entitled Archbishop of Canterbury's Decided Stand on the Bible, in which a claim of variance is made as to two passages of Scripture quoted therein. The character of the censor demands that this charge should not be allowed to pass unquestioned.

It is a matter of surprise that one in authority, as is the Archbishop of Canterbury, should fall into a grave error that an accurate knowledge of the text and context would have sufficed to prevent. In II Samuel 24: 13, the inquiry, "Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land?" is an *indirect* statement of the facts; and the value of the number "seven" is to be determined by the ultimate relation which the period of famine should be found to hold to the land in the reign of David.

The key to the inquiry is the word "again" in the first verse of the same chapter, the reference being to the *three previous years of famine* stated in II Samuel 21: 1. Taking the text and context together, the theme of verse 13 is, "You, David, have already experienced three years of famine in your land because of sin, shall I now punish you for this last sinful act by again sending a famine upon your land in *this present year* which shall continue for yet three other years," so that thus "shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land." In I Chronicles 21: 12 the statement is *direct*, and refers to the present and future, without relation to a similar event that occurred in the past; the phraseology being, "Choose thee either three years famine," etc.

Philadelphia. G. G. FAUGHT.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

When so many of our journalists and statesmen despairingly refuse to see any solution to our new national problems, and pessimistically predict the downfall of the Republic as a sequence to our colonial acquisition, it is gratifying to read editorials similar in tone to Young Men the Strength of the Nation.

The American will is never at a loss to find a way out of the most difficult straits. Americans can always do what *must* be done. Man can govern what he conquers. The land that reared a Dewey can produce an administrator competent to retain what he subjected.

It is absurd to contend that because the lethargic "good" voter in certain large cities permits corrupt politicians to mismanage their *local* affairs, great America has no capacity for colonial government. Two time-honored traditions only are affected by our recent departure from isolation in the world's politics, viz., "Protection" and "The Monroe Doctrine." Both will, in due time, be discarded, just as a child lays off the clothing which it has outgrown

The Constitution of the United States is great and broad enough to defend, to unify, to tranquilize, to promote the general welfare of and secure the blessings of liberty to all peoples and their posterity who may come within the scope of its dominion.

Indianapolis. LESLIE D. CLANCY

[The United States is surely strong enough to do what is right for it to do, but there is danger in our present condition of exultation that we may be misled into believing that "might" is "right," when we should live closer to the realization that "right" is mighty. —THE EDITOR.]

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Poor Richard's Almanack

Be civil to all;
Serviceable to many; *familiar with* few,
Friend to one; *Enemy to* none.

FRANKLIN AS AN EDITOR

By WILLIAM PERRINE — *Picture by J. BELL GRAFF*

"There are many who long desired to see a good newspaper in Pennsylvania; and we hope those gentlemen who are able will contribute toward the making this such. We ask assistance because we are fully sensible, that to publish a good newspaper is not so easy an undertaking as many people imagine it to be.

"The author of a Gazette (in the opinion of the learned) ought to be qualified with an extensive acquaintance with languages, a great easiness and command of writing, and relating things clearly and intelligibly and in few words; he should be able to speak of war both by land and sea; be well acquainted with geography, with the history of the time, with the secret interests of Princes and States, the secrets of Courts, and the manners and customs of all nations. Men thus accomplished are very rare in this remote part of the world; and it would be well if the writer of these papers could make up among his friends what is wanting in himself.

"Upon the whole, we may assure the public, that, as far as the encouragement we meet with will enable us, no care shall be omitted that may make The Pennsylvania Gazette as agreeable and useful an entertainment as the nature of the thing will allow."

SUCH was the announcement with which Benjamin Franklin, at the age of twenty-three, made his advent as editor and publisher of the little paper which has grown into the present SATURDAY EVENING POST, and began a career of a quarter of a century as the foremost editor of the American colonies

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Young as he was, Franklin had, for several years before this time, made use of his pen, or had been concerned in the journalism of the day. Indeed, when he was a boy of twelve, in Boston, he had written street ballads on pirates and sailors, which had a ready sale; he was the first newsboy we know of in this country when he was employed to carry his brother's paper, the New England Courant, to its subscribers, and, when he was only sixteen, he had the management of the Courant, while its owner was in jail for printing an article that offended the authorities.

Years afterward, when Franklin was at the height of his fame, he looked back amusedly to those days when he "made bold to give our rulers some rubs" in the paper, and when people in Boston, after he had ridiculed Harvard College, regarded him dubiously as "a young genius that had a turn for libeling and satire." But it was an experience which he never forgot. More than sixty years afterward he spoke of it as having possibly impressed him with "that aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life."

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It was under the *nom de plume* of Busybody, when he had settled down as a printer's journeyman in Philadelphia, that he wrote letters for Andrew Bradford's paper, the American Weekly Mercury, and on one occasion his criticisms caused Bradford to be summoned before the Governor and Council. The truth is, that he had all the "freshness," or restlessness, of our young beginners on the press who want to run up against conventional opinions. Even when he was in London, working at typesetting, he could not overcome his desire to combat the theories of Wollaston's Religion of Nature, and to rush into print with a pamphlet of his own on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain.

It will thus be seen that Franklin had some equipment for editing a newspaper when he conceived the idea, in 1728, of buying The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. This was the ponderous title under which the present SATURDAY EVENING POST was published during its infancy. Franklin had planned out such a paper long before, but Samuel Keimer, another printer, had learned his secret, and started the paper before Franklin's plans were matured. In partnership with Hugh Meredith, a drunken and incompetent workingman, whom he soon got rid of, Franklin took the paper off Keimer's hands, after it had been running but forty weeks.

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The paper was poorly printed, it contained little news that was not stale, and had only sixty subscribers. The new editor at once put a stop to the publication of the dry matter which poor Keimer had been reprinting from Chambers' Dictionaries, and dropped all of the cumbersome title except the words The Pennsylvania Gazette.

In a few weeks Franklin had "the principal people" of the city as his subscribers. At the very beginning he made a hit. He had written what he called some "spirited remarks" on the politicians of Massachusetts in what might now be styled an editorial "leader." It was a clear, fluent and emphatic expression of opinion on a controversy between the executive and the legislative power at Boston, and commended the representatives of the people for standing to their rights. "Their happy mother country," said the young editor, with a fine flourish, "will, perhaps, observe, with pleasure, that though her gallant cocks and matchless dogs abate their natural fire and intrepidity when transported to a foreign clime (as this nation is), yet her sons in the remotest part of the earth, and even to the third and fourth descent, still retain that ardent spirit of liberty, and that undaunted courage, which has in every age so gloriously distinguished Britons and Englishmen from the rest of mankind."

Franklin immediately set to work to obtain the profitable business of official advertising or public printing, which had been in the hands of Andrew Bradford, of the Mercury. He found that the politicians were quick to favor the owner of a newspaper who "could also handle a pen."

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In the Legislature they gave him the printing of the votes and other public documents, and he did the work with a correctness and promptness which threw his predecessor in the shade. The improved type and clean presswork of the Gazette struck the public favorably at once. The editor not only set up his articles, but labored at the hand press in striking off the edition of his paper, which was published twice a week. More than this, he sometimes made his own type and his own ink, engraved woodcuts, and, when purchasing his white paper, would occasionally wheel it to his shop in a barrow.

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He shrewdly judged that a young man beginning in business should not only be industrious and frugal, but should avoid all appearances to the contrary. Indeed, he often made his meals out of a bowl of porridge while he was instructing his fellow citizens in the Art of Virtue, the Functions of Money, or Methods for Acquiring Wealth!

Franklin has never been surpassed in the editorial faculty, or instinct of understanding the public taste, and hitting it exactly between wind and water. He came to be judicious in avoiding libel suits, and yet at the same time gave his paper a distinct character and influence as a critic, and even now and then as an agitator. His eclectic taste, and his use of scissors on the English periodicals showed the keen judgment of the modern "exchange editor." He found that his readers liked homilies reproduced from Addison and kindred writers, and he delighted to give them discourses of his own on moral themes. His style, indeed, is a model for newspaper writers It is invariably,—or at least it is after he passed the age of thirty-five,—clear, simple, direct and pleasing. It is often sprightly and genial, and is always smooth and well turned. He confessed that he had begun to acquire it as a boy from the Spectator, which he time and again copied and recopied

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To study words, and to obtain a vocabulary of his own was one of his constant exercises. Five years after he became an editor he made up his mind to take up languages, as a scheduled task, after his working hours. He learned in a short time to read French, Spanish and Italian, and then found, when looking over a Latin Testament, that he had easily opened the way to understanding that language as well.

The older he grew the better became his style in its brevity and vivacity, as well as the purity of its English The Gazette was a training-school for him in this respect so that when he first attracted the general attention of literary men in Europe, having then given up his newspaper, he was hailed by David Hume, the historian, as "the first great man of letters" for whom his countrymen were beholden to America

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Franklin had what the reporters of our day call "a nose for news." He knew how to make use of the post office and of his place in the Legislature for getting information at first hand. He was early in the habit of corresponding with well-known men in England like Sir Hans Sloane George Whitefield and Peter Collinson At home, he made it a point to encourage any one who could write well, and who had a new idea, to send a letter to the Gazette, and the race of "Pro Bono Publicos" and "Veritases" was well represented in its columns, although Bradford rebuked him for allowing them to be "vulgar."

It is altogether probable that when he drew up the rules for the organization of young men who came

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together for mutual improvement under the name of The Junto, he saw the possibilities which the club offered for obtaining news for the Gazette. Thus it was necessary, at each meeting on Friday night, that the members should make answer to the following questions:

"Have you met with anything in the author you last read remarkable or suitable to be communicated to The Junto, particularly in history, morality, poetry, physics, travels, mechanic arts, or other parts of knowledge?

"What new story have you lately heard agreeable for telling?

"Hath any citizen in your knowledge failed in business lately, and what have you heard of the cause?

"Have you lately heard of any citizen thriving well, and by what means?

"Have you lately heard how any present rich man, here or elsewhere, got his estate?

"Whom do you know that are shortly going voyages or journeys, if one should have occasion to send by them?

"Hath any deserving stranger arrived in town since last meeting that you have heard of, and what have you observed of his character or merits?

"Have you lately observed any defect in the laws of your country of which it would be proper to move the Legislature for an amendment?"

Franklin was doubtless able, in this way, to get many a "live" idea or piece of information for his paper through the responses which he received to these questions, as well as the gossip which they occasioned at the meetings of the dozen or more bright and enterprising young men who made up The Junto.

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Franklin did not believe in personal or partisan abuse. He had no liking for litigation or quarrels. If anybody brought to him an article which he regarded as offensively personal, he told the author to put it into a pamphlet, or broadside, and circulate it himself. "Having contracted with my subscribers," he said, "to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice." For many years no other paper gave its readers fresher news paragraphs, more sound political information and household advice, more comment on science, and more lively jests. Some of his articles were printed all over the Colonies, and even in Europe.

The amount of good reading which he managed in the course of a year to put into his paper, which was only twelve by sixteen inches in size, exhibited marked skill as a condenser. Indeed, it may be fairly said that, save in the advertisements, there is hardly a department of a modern newspaper, either mechanical or editorial, for which he did not display some germ of aptitude. He was not only compositor and pressman, but leader writer, paragrapher, verse-maker, compiler, reporter, and occasionally a party organ-grinder, with a shrewd eye for patronage.

He early saw the benefit, as many an editor of later days has seen it, of holding the local post-office. He succeeded in getting it away from his only rival of the press, the less enterprising Bradford, who, it was believed, had a better opportunity as postmaster to obtain news and advertisements for the Mercury than Franklin had for the Gazette. He seems to have enjoyed an advantage over Franklin in circulating his paper in the mails, so that the editor of the Gazette had to bribe the post-riders to carry it privately.

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He also obtained another good office in helping his newspaper and his printery. This was the clerkship of the Legislature, and to this place he was elected year after year by the members. Franklin never thought, nor did anybody else, that office-holding and editing a newspaper were not incompatible employments. In fact, he rotated from one office to another down to the last year of his life,—from Justice of the Peace, and Councilman, and Colonel of the Militia, to Postmaster-General, Congressman and Ambassador.

In the Gazette, Franklin was a bright and shrewd observer and chronicler of "Publick Occurrences." A lottery drawing, earthquakes, trials of witches, the conduct of the Indians, the arrival of ships from Europe, the proceedings in the Colonial Legislatures, the transportation of the mails, the wars with the French and the Spanish, the great tidings of the fall of Louisburg, decisions of the Courts, the visit of Whitefield, the renowned English preacher, and the refusal of the Quakers to engage in war with Spain when Pennsylvania was threatened by Spanish expeditions, were some of the varied pieces of news which claimed his attention. But it was as adviser, satirist and humorist that he was perhaps at his best in his career.

He was the original of the merrymakers of the American press. His one and two line bits of comment and wisdom were models of pithiness, and few writers have equaled his masterly skill when framing the elaborate arguments which he put into pamphlet form. The letters of Anthony Afterwit, and Celia Single, and Alice Addertongue, the Genealogy of a Jacobite, and the Speech of Polly Baker, were among his humorous contributions, together with Necessary Hints to Those Who Would be Rich, and The Way to Wealth.

His advertising columns show no conception whatever of the possibilities of publicity in that department of journalism. At least, the advertising in his paper was in no way exceptional, as some admirers of the great printer have tried to represent it, or have imagined it to be.

Almanacs had been common enough before Franklin's time, but none of them in this country had anything like the success which attended his famous Poor Richard's. He began its publication in the third year after the Gazette's advent, and in no long time it was hung up in the chimney-corner in thousands of households throughout the Colonies.

Franklin was always proud of this almanac, which he continued to compile, for twenty-five years, and of its influence among farmers, shopkeepers, and the plain people generally. Its wise sayings and witty couplets were quoted everywhere from Rhode Island to Georgia by editors, preachers and politicians whenever they had occasion to write or to speak on the subject of public economy, and scores of these proverbs are even now in current use. Indeed, there is no important country in Europe where some of his discourses have not been reprinted.

How important the almanac was may be judged from the fact that nearly ten thousand copies were printed by Franklin every year.

Poor Richard described himself as one who did not write almanacs for no other end than the public good. "The plain truth of the matter," said he, "is that I am excessive poor, and my wife, good woman, is, I tell her, excessive proud; she cannot bear, she says, to sit spinning in her shift of tow, while I do nothing but gaze at the stars; and has threatened more than once to burn all my books and rattling traps (as she calls my instruments) if I do not make some considerable share of the profits, and I have thus begun to comply with my dame's desire."

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Franklin's wife, to whom he was engaged in matrimonial alliance while he was still struggling in his printery, was a handsome, robust woman, of much sense and helpfulness to her husband; but she was illiterate, and had no concern in any of his professional pursuits further than help to look after the shop and the printing office in his early days, to stitch pamphlets, and to buy rags for the white paper.

When Franklin retired from active business as a printer and editor, leaving the routine management of the establishment in the hands of a partner, David Hall, the concern had become so profitable that he was able to draw out with an agreement that he should receive from Hall $5000 a year for the next eighteen years. As regards differences in values and in opportunities, this was proportionate at the present time to not less than $15,000 a year. Poor Richard's Almanack was perhaps more of a factor, even, than the Gazette in advertising the imprint of "B. Franklin," and in contributing to this prosperity of the printers. Next to the Bible, it was unquestionably the most popular and widely read work in America during the years when Franklin was its editor.

Nor is it generally known that Franklin was the first editor of a monthly magazine in the country. He had in mind for his model the Gentleman's Magazine, of London, but it is questionable whether he would have undertaken the work had it not been for his desire to forestall Bradford, his rival, whom the projector of a similar periodical, under the title of the American Magazine, had engaged for his printer and publisher.

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Franklin seems to have thought that the engagement should have been made with him in accordance with a previous agreement, and he determined to be in the field first with a magazine of his own. Thus it was that he began, with the New Year, in 1741, the General Magazine and Historical Chronicle, which was intended for "all the British Plantations in America." His rival came out with the American Magazine, or a Monthly View of the British Colonies, containing forty-eight pages, and sold at a shilling a copy. But Franklin's magazine, with the Prince of Wales' feathers on its title-page, and his motto, "Ich dien," took the wind out of the sails of the newcomer. The second magazine soon perished, and then Franklin discontinued his own after he had published half a dozen numbers.

No man has been more active than Franklin. His activity, which was amazing in its many-sided ways, was early a subject of comment at the merchants' every-night club near the office of the Gazette, probably in the old London Coffee-House, at the end of the block. There were some who declared that his enterprise would surely fail, because there were already two printers in the city, and that they were enough. But a shrewd Scotchman thought otherwise. "The industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind: I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed."

In a few years the aged James Logan, who was then regarded as the foremost scholar and publicist of Pennsylvania, and who had been separated, moreover, from the editor by social conditions, wrote of him as "our most ingenious printer and postmaster, who has the clearest understanding, with as extreme modesty, as any man I know here."

When Franklin retired from the active direction of his printery he was only forty-two years old, or just exactly half way in his life. He never again had any connection with any other newspaper than his Gazette, except as a contributor, and his career continued the time when the American press had grown from three to ninety papers.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

LXIX

THE ELF-CHILD

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY *Drawing by* JAMES M. PRESTON

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE'S come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
An' all of us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you—
Don't—
Watch—
Out!

Onc't there was a little boy who wouldn' say his prayers,—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' they seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was his pants an' round-about!—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you—
Don't—
Watch—
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an' kin,
An' onc't when they was "company" an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care;
An' when she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you—
Don't—
Watch—
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you—
Don't—
Watch—
Out! —Child Rhymes,
Bowen-Merrill Co.

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

When a Friend deals with a Friend
Let the Bargain be clear and well penn'd
That they may continue Friends to the end.

Poor Richard's Almanack

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Dreyfus in His Prison Home

Devil's Island, Dreyfus' prison home, is the smallest of the three islets which constitute the Salut Islands, off the coast of French Guiana. The island is covered with a rank growth of tropical forest; the climate is simply murderous. It is said that it means certain death to stand bareheaded in the sun even for a few moments.

This is the wet season, which lasts from November to June, and the average rainfall is 180 inches. At every step there lies in wait death by hunger, by fatigue, or by disease. Above one's head hang clouds of stinging insects; great red ants cover the exposed parts of the body, and poisonous snakes are numerous. Even with the best of treatment Dreyfus' lot would be well-nigh unbearable, but when we add to the terrible natural conditions of the locality the tortures inflicted by his guards, the wonder is that the wretched man can live a single day.

L'ILE DU DIABLE
WHERE DREYFUS IS IMPRISONED

What few privileges he had at first have been curtailed.

Some time ago he could wander about the island,—always, of course, under the strict surveillance of the guard,—but now he is more closely confined and more closely watched.

The small sheet-iron hut shown in the illustration is his castle, and his walks are limited to the area within the stockade. Now he can no longer derive the scant satisfaction of looking out to sea, as the posts of which the stockade is made shut out the view.

In the house back of Dreyfus' hut dwell his guards, while a machine gun is mounted in the tower, and any attempt at escape or rescue would be promptly stopped by the bullets of the pitiless guards.

His daily routine is maddening in its monotony. His food is not only of the coarsest kind, but is not even nutritious. Silence is peremptory. With all right-minded, justice-loving people the very rigor of this wretched man's punishment is proof of his innocence.

•

When Roosevelt Was Too Poor to Ride

That a man may be handling millions, and yet be temporarily penniless, is exemplified in this little story told by Governor Theodore Roosevelt:

"One day last spring Lieutenant Sharpe and I went out buying auxiliary cruisers. We spent about $7,000,000. It began to rain and we were without umbrellas.

"'Sharpe,' I said, 'I have only four cents in my pockets. Lend me one cent, or five cents, will you, so that I can ride home?'

"'I haven't a single cent,' he answered.

"'Never mind, Sharpe,' said I, 'that's why we will beat the Spaniards.' It isn't every country where two public servants could spend $7,000,000, and not have a cent in their pockets after they were through."

•

Dewey the Navy's Beau Brummel

If there is any one thing which pleases Admiral Dewey it is neatness in dress. He has never been known to set a bad example in this respect, and is regarded by his subordinates as a fashion-plate for the American Navy. One of the standing orders issued by the Admiral, following the establishment of routine duty in the fleet when there were no more Spanish ships to fight, was one requiring all officers to wear their white uniforms.

One day a certain Paymaster named Martin, who is afflicted with an abnormally bushy growth of whiskers and a figure of pronounced rotundity, visited the Olympia on business connected with his department. As the Paymaster mounted the gangway he was seen by Admiral Dewey, and, although he said nothing, a frown gathered on the brow of the autocrat of the fleet.

Paymaster Martin was a sight to provoke a laugh from a ship's figurehead. He was arrayed in a dun-colored suit of duck; a loosely woven undervest resembling a sweater showed beneath his jacket, and on his head was one of those enormous cork helmets with a circumference nearly equal to that of an umbrella.

"Orderly, tell Paymaster Martin I wish to see him at once," said Admiral Dewey. A few moments later the Paymaster, honored by being called into the Admiral's presence, stood before Dewey and executed one of his very best salutes.

"Paymaster Martin," said the Admiral, in his chilliest tones, "I think you are drunk."

"I beg your pardon, Admiral,—I assure you I am not drunk; I—I am perfectly sober," stammered the Paymaster.

"I still think you have been drinking," continued the little man in spotless white, in a tone that would admit of no argument, "for I can't believe you would come aboard this ship wearing such an outlandish uniform. Go back to your ship, and don't let me ever see another violation of orders."

•

How Colonel Cody Became "Buffalo Bill"

Perhaps no man is so much of a hero in the eyes of the American boy as Colonel William F. Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," as he is better known. Reports of his recent illness have again directed the attention of the world to this intrepid scout and Indian fighter.

"Buffalo Bill" is just about to celebrate his fifty-fourth birthday. He was born in Iowa, but in 1852, when young Cody was but seven years old, his father removed to Kansas. A few years later his father was killed in the "Border War." When the "Pony Express" was established, Cody became one of its most daring riders. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, and acted as Government scout and guide.

BUFFALO BILL
AND HIS FAMOUS WHITE PONY

He won his title of "Buffalo Bill" in a most natural manner. In 1867 he contracted with the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at $500 per month, to furnish all the buffalo meat required for its army of workmen. In eighteen months he had actually killed 4280 buffaloes, and fairly won his sobriquet.

When the Russian Grand Duke Alexis visited this country he went on a big buffalo hunt on the plains, and "Buffalo Bill" acted as master of ceremonies. The hunt was a great success, and Cody was urged by the New Yorkers in the party to visit them.

Cody had always lived on the plains, and a visit to the great city was distasteful to him, but the story runs that, when he concluded to go, his wife set to work to make him a suit of clothes for the journey. When he arrived in New York he was given a hearty reception, but soon returned home.

•

Ruskin and His Servants

An intimate friend of John Ruskin thus describes a visit which he paid to the famous writer and critic, who is now nearing his ninetieth birthday:

"Mr. Ruskin and I were dining together. During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and remarked how delicious it was. The Professor was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb, and ringing for one of the servants, he said: 'Please tell Jackson I want him.' When he came into the room, his master said: 'Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says it is delicious.'

"When we had finished dining, a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles. The windows being shaded by the overhanging trees above, the room was almost dark, even before the sun had gone down.

"After placing candles she was leaving the room, when she said: 'Please, sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over The Old Man.'

"The Professor rose from his chair and said: 'Thank you, Kate, for telling us.'

"He then left the room, but soon returned.

"'Yes,' he said, 'it is worth seeing,' and he led the way upstairs to his bedroom.

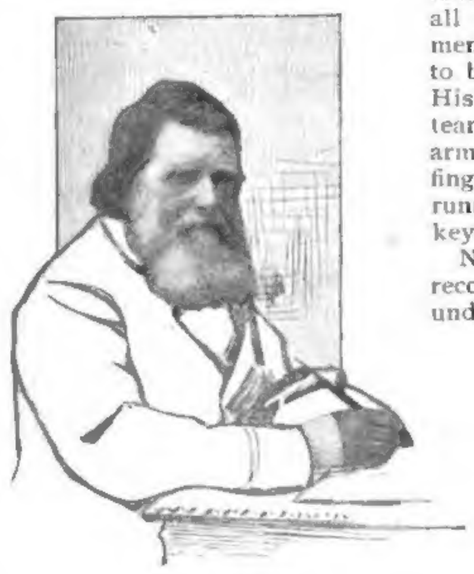
"It was certainly a glorious sight, the sun sinking behind the Coniston Old Man Mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush. We sat in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. I was thinking of the charming relation and sympathy manifested between master and servant."

•

Karl Neufeld and the Phonograph

In the hurried flight of the Dervishes from Omdurman it was forgotten to carry out the cruel order of the Mahdi to slay the European captives. Most interesting among the prisoners still in the hands of the Mahdi was Karl Neufeld. He had been tormented and maltreated during the twelve years of his imprisonment, until he had given up all hope, and had become quite apathetic to his surroundings.

When Neufeld was liberated, and informed that he might go wherever he pleased, he failed to comprehend, and looked in utter amazement at those who had entered his tent, fearful of some new torture to his racked, emaciated frame. Not until Slatin Pasha came in was he satisfied that it was true.



JOHN RUSKIN

His memory and his nerves seemed both gone. Then Slatin Pasha bethought himself of his phonograph. He knew that in former years Neufeld had been passionately fond of music, and a splendid pianist; but in all the years of his captivity in the Soudan he had not heard the sound of a piano.

When Neufeld heard the first sounds of the phonograph he seemed to awaken from a long, deep sleep. He trembled from head to foot, as in a chill, and all the pent-up excitement of years seemed to break forth at once. His eyes filled with tears, he raised his arms, and moved his fingers, as if he were running them over the keyboard of a piano.

Neufeld, so to speak, recovered his senses under the sweet influence of music. Quite a mechanic and an inventor himself (he had been compelled by the Mahdi to manufacture powder and coin money), he was deeply interested in the wonderful instrument. Cuzzi and one of Slatin's former Soudanese servants were present, and upon these the phonograph had quite an odd effect. They thought it the work of the Evil One.

KARL NEUFELD'S AWAKENING

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Famous Men at Short Range

Senator Mitchell's Rivals.—When Senator Mitchell, of Wisconsin, was coming East on a through train to attend the opening of Congress, he was approached by a friend who asked concerning the contest for his seat in the Senate. He said: "There are on this train so many applicants for my shoes that, to tell the truth, when I go to bed I am afraid to put them out to be blacked."

Kitchener and the Flowers.—The following pleasing little story of Lord Kitchener is told: Notwithstanding the numerous engagements and great amount of fêting he has received at the hands of distinguished persons, Lord Kitchener found time to dine with two old ladies, friends of his mother, and who had known him since boyhood. The table was tastefully decorated with laurel leaves and violets.

The Sirdar inquired the reason of the curious combination, and was told that while the laurels represented the fame he had won, the violets indicated the modesty with which he had received it.

A Tribute to Roosevelt.—Of Colonel Roosevelt's Lowell Institute lectures, Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, said the other day: "They are interesting because the speaker both makes and writes history. There are always men to do one, but rarely those who do both."

Barrie's First Literary Effort.—J. M. Barrie, the author of The Little Minister, etc., was as a boy very indolent, with a rooted objection to school, and one of his first literary efforts was a letter to a Scotch newspaper, putting forward the advisability of more frequent and longer holidays for schoolboys, and signed "Paterfamilias."

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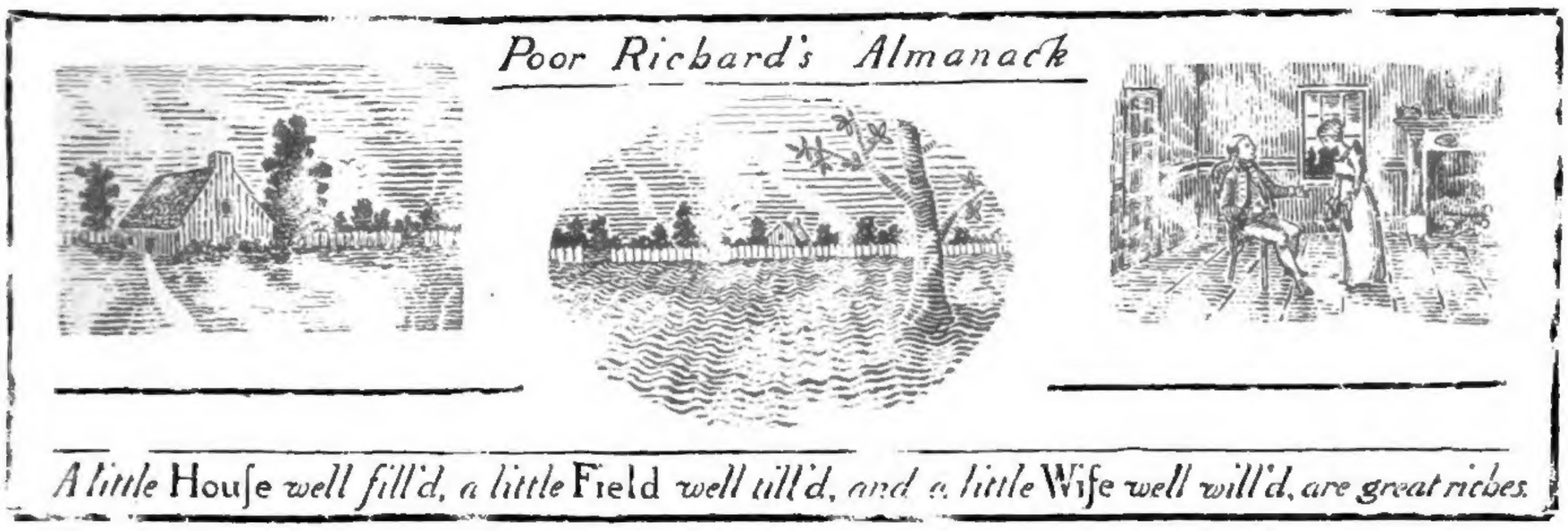
UNDER THE EVENING LAMP



Treading on Holy Ground

AN OHIO woman, visiting Boston for the first time, had her greatest thrill at Copp's Hill Burying-Ground.

"As soon as my sister-in-law and I got into the place," she said, "I found myself almost stepping upon a grave with an inscription on a queer, little iron-cover-sort of a tomb. I jumped back, feeling the way you do when you step on a grave, and read the inscription, just three initials, no name or date.

"'Isn't it pathetic?' I said to my sister-in-law. 'Oh, I don't know,' she answered, 'B. W. W. means Boston Water Works.'"

• • •

What Benjamin Franklin Did

HERE is a long list of the good deeds of Benjamin Franklin. This catalogue has been summarized by Curtis Guild, who was present at the unveiling of the Franklin statue, in Philadelphia, sixty-six years after the patriot and philosopher's death:

He founded the Philadelphia Library, the leader in the field of hundreds of others of similar character.

He edited the best paper in the Colonies, and gave a start to the press of America.

He exemplified the value of advertising in modern business.

His "Poor Richard" maxims were wit and wisdom that brought home valuable truths to readers, such as they could understand and make of practical service.

He founded the American post-office system.

It was he who caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted and kept clean.

He invented, when fuel was scarce, the Franklin stove, which economized it; and made a free gift of his invention to the public, besides suggesting various other heating inventions, later on, in which this country leads all others.

He was the remover of the once universal nuisance,—smoky chimneys.

He was the first effective promulgator of the gospel of ventilation.

He made important electrical discoveries, and, as is said, "robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of its power to destroy."

He was instrumental in founding the very first high school in Pennsylvania; he protested till his death against using the funds of that institution in teaching the youth the language of Greece and Rome, when French, German and Spanish were so much more required in regular business transactions.

He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization of friends of science in this country.

His aid was valuable in founding the Pennsylvania Hospital.

BOYLE'S STATUE OF FRANKLIN

To be set up in front of the Philadelphia Post-office on the site where Franklin flew his famous kite

He led that State in its struggle of thirty years against the tyranny of the Penns.

When the Indians were carrying on bloody marauding expeditions within eighty miles of Philadelphia, he commanded and led the troops of the city that were sent against them.

He was the author of the first scheme for uniting the Colonies; his scheme contained many features that bind the States in the Union to-day.

More than any other man, he was instrumental in causing the repeal of the Stamp Act; and, more than any other man, he educated the Colonies up to independence.

He discovered the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and that northwest storms begin in the southwest.

He directed attention to the advantage of building ships with water-tight compartments, getting the idea from the Chinese.

He labored earnestly for the abolition of slavery toward the close of his life, and in aid of those who were emancipated.

• • •

How Benjamin Franklin Looked

THERE has come down to us a portrait of Franklin, painted not long before he became an editor, and enabling us to form some idea of his face and person when he took upon himself the rôle of Poor Richard. It was common at one time to associate that character with the figure of a lean, venerable man, with white locks and a benevolent aspect.

But Benjamin Franklin, when he began his career as an editor and almanac maker, was a large-boned, muscular and full-faced young fellow, unusually strong, already somewhat disposed to be stout, and about five feet ten inches in height. His eyes were gray and his complexion light. His face was neither homely nor comely, yet on the whole rather pleasing in its expression.

His voice was low, his manner affable, and most of his habits steady, although he had not yet formed that celebrated code of thirteen rules of daily conduct by which he sought to arrive at something like moral perfection. He was seemingly never in a hurry, nor fussy, nor excited in the midst of his continuous round of toil and study.

He was one of the best swimmers of his time on the Delaware or the Thames; he could lift weights which defied the strength of other printers, and after he had recovered from an attack of pleurisy, which, when he was twenty-one years old, threatened to end his life, he seems to have had no sickness again until long after he had ceased to be a printer.

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The Romance of Aluminum

IT IS related by Pliny that during the reign of Tiberius (14 A. D. to 37 A. D.) a worker in metals appeared at the palace and showed a beautiful cup made of white metal that shone like silver, says Aluminum and Electrolysis.

When the artificer was presenting it to the Emperor, he purposely dropped it on the floor of the chamber. The goblet was so bruised by the fall that it seemed to be irretrievably injured; but the workman took his hammer, and in the presence of the Court repaired the damage without delay.

It was evident that this metal was not silver, though it had almost the same brilliancy, besides being much more ductile and considerably lighter. The Emperor questioned the artificer closely, and learned from him that he had extracted the metal from an argillaceous earth,—probably the clay known to modern chemists as alumina. Tiberius then asked if any one beside himself knew the process, and received the proud reply that the secret was known only to himself and Jupiter.

This answer was sufficient. The Emperor had reflected that if it were possible to obtain this metal from so common a substance as clay, the value of gold and silver would be greatly reduced, so he determined to avert such a lamentable catastrophe. He caused the workshops of the discoverer to be wholly destroyed, and the luckless artificer was seized and decapitated, so that his secret might perish with him.

Sainte-Claire-Deville had no doubt that this metal was aluminum, and he asserted that the wanton cruelty of the Emperor Tiberius had deprived the world of the use of this valuable metal, which remained unknown for eighteen centuries. The extracting of aluminum, discovered by the Roman craftsman in the first century of the Christian era, thus became one of the lost arts.

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When Baby Was Provided For

IT WAS in one of the big department stores, says the Washington Post. Two women stood near each other before a counter where the belongings of very little children are sold. Both looked with wistful yet widely different expressions at the tiny garments displayed.

The one woman asked to be shown knitted undervests for a baby. The saleswoman drew out a box and took from it some absurdly small garments, soft, creamy, fleecy, the most delightful combination of silk and wool. The woman,—a young woman she was, almost a girl,—took them in her hands with evident delight.

"How much are they?" she asked.

The saleswoman named the price.

"Apiece?" asked the would-be customer, timidly.

"Yes," answered the saleswoman.

The customer put down the little garments. She looked tired and weak, and bitterly disappointed. It's heart-breaking not to be able to buy what you want for your baby.

"Please show me something—something cheaper," she said, swallowing a lump in her throat.

The other woman, who had been looking into the showcase, had seen it all. She spoke to the saleswoman brusquely.

"I can't wait any longer," she said. "Tell me the price of that bonnet over there."

The saleswoman hurried to obey. One doesn't keep a chinchilla collar and an imperious manner waiting if one knows one's business. There was a moment's whispering, and the saleswoman returned to her waiting customer. From another box she produced some garments precisely similar to the expensive ones.

"Here's some shirts," said she, "that we've marked down to close out. We have only a few left. They're only ——." And the "only" was exactly half the price she had named before. It wasn't cleverly done, but it deceived the tired woman. She went away with the wistful look gone from her face. The chinchilla collar went down in the same elevator with her, and the face above the collar wore a look almost of envy added to its wistfulness, I fancied,—though it's folly, of course, to imagine that women with chinchilla collars and imperious manners ever envy tired little women who have to ask for something cheaper.

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TOLD OF THE MINISTERS

The Conquest of the Vernacular

MRS. FREMONT, in her sketch of the life of her father,—Senator Benton,—tells the following of the French Bishop at St. Louis, at the time of the purchase of Louisiana: "It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English; but the Bishop needed to acquire fluent English for all uses, and for use from the pulpit especially.

"To force himself into familiar practice, the Bishop secluded himself for a while with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. Soon he had gained enough to announce a sermon in English.

"My father was present, and his feelings can be imagined when the polished, refined Bishop said:

"'My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here to-day!'"

•

When Doctor Rainsford Held the Floor

IT WAS at a public meeting of the Aldine Club in New York. One of the speakers, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair, and come down at full length on the platform.

The accident occasioned not a little subdued mirth. When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words:

"The Rev. Mr. Rainsford will again take the floor." The reverend gentleman never met with so enthusiastic a reception as greeted this announcement.

•

Collaborating in Soul-Saving

"IN THE days of my early ministry," said a well-known clergyman, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered.

"My first work was in a Western mining camp, and I had to remain over night at a rough hotel to wait for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage looking man said gruffly:

"'What might be your line, young feller?'

"'Saving souls,' I said solemnly.

"'Ugh,' was the only response.

"After supper, a coarsely dressed man approached me and said:

"'Pardner, let's make some kind o' dicker. We're in ther same line, an' thar ain't room fer both. Thar's a camp furder up the crick whar yo' could set up and do well.'

"'I think you are mistaken, my friend,' I said. 'I am a minister of the Gospel.'

"'Scuse me, parson; I was mistaken in yo'; I thought yo' was a cobbler.'"

•

Measuring Christianity by Muscle

TWO elders of the same Scottish church, meeting one day, began discussing the merits of a clergyman who had lately been appointed pastor of the congregation.

"Weel, Tammas," said one, "what dae ye think o' oor new minister?"

"Ah, weel, Geordie," replied the other, "he daes no sae bad, but he's no up to the mark o' the ane we haed afore."

"Na, na," responded Geordie, "I sair doot if ever we'll get another like him; he was a powerfu' preacher, na doot o' that, Tammas. The short time he labored amang us he dang five Bibles oot o' the binding, an kicket the fronts clean oot o' three pulpits."

•

The Coming Black Sheep

THE Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known Brooklyn clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with: "How do, Doc?"

The clergyman stopped, and cordially inquired: "And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day."

And, tilting his hat to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

•

Combining Prayer and Action

WHEN Doctor Creighton had been offered the Bishopric of London, he hesitated some time before accepting it. One of his faithful Peterborough parishioners grew so anxious to learn his decision that one day she asked Doctor Creighton's daughter what he had decided to do.

"Well, I don't know," the young lady replied; "all I can say is that papa is in the study praying for guidance, and mamma is upstairs packing the trunks."

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The True Benjamin Franklin, by Sidney George Fisher.—If you have been accustomed,—as not a few of us have been,—to regard Franklin as a great and good American, you will lay down Mr. Fisher's book with something of that queer sensation which you experienced when you first discovered that your venerated father, with the assistance of some cotton batting, a feather pillow and false whiskers, had been abusing your confidence every Christmas. For if we are to believe Mr. Fisher,—and he is an eminently reliable authority,—the true Benjamin Franklin was not so good as some of his biographers would have us believe.

He presents plenty of evidence, most of it from Franklin's own writings, in support of this contention, or, as he himself calls it, this effort to rehumanize Franklin. But that it is either desirable or fair to rehumanize a man by recalling the scandal about him, and the discreditable passages in his private life, is a matter of grave doubt, even were it not obviously unjust to weigh the sins of the last century in the scales of to-day.

•

There is no danger, as Mr. Fisher seems to feel, that the world will think too well of its great names, and even if it should go so far occasionally as to idealize one of its heroes,—why, so much the better for the hero and for humanity. But to deliberately present every bit of scandal of a great man's life in his biography is a bit of cold-blooded iconoclasm which many readers will not relish.

Apart from this, Mr. Fisher's book is well conceived and ably written. Its several chapters treat of the different phases of Franklin's life and character,—an analytical method that, if it has a few drawbacks, is, on the whole, better for the purpose than a strictly consecutive narrative. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

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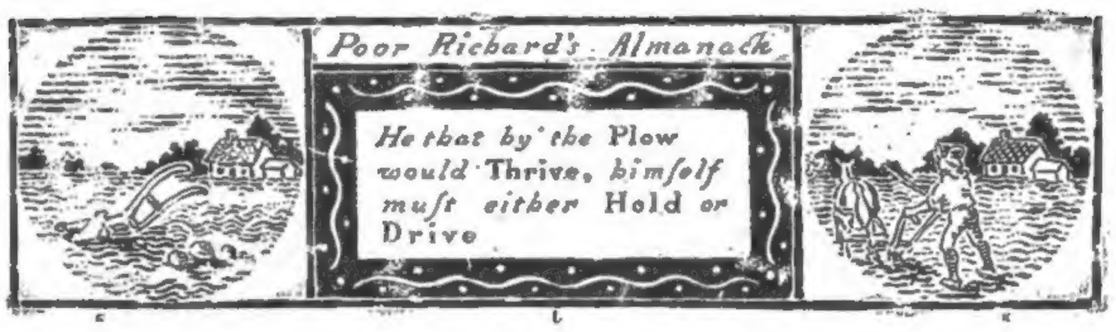
Gloria Mundi, by Harold Frederic.—There is the swing of strength in every sentence that Harold Frederic wrote, yet it is strength restrained. Few writers have possessed his marvelous powers of observation and of analysis, and fewer still his ability to picture vividly for us what he saw and what we feel. In The Damnation of Theron Ware he established his claim to consideration as a novelist of the first rank; in Gloria Mundi he clinches it; in The Market-Place,—"but that's another story."

It took a Frenchman to give us our first impartial survey of English literature; it has remained for an American to give us the clearest and most convincing pictures of modern English society,—using the word in its narrower sense,—that we have. The reason for this is not far to seek. Your English nobleman, who writes a bit, lacks either the brains or the introspective ability necessary to a faithful portrayal of his class; and your English commoner, be he ever so clever a novelist, becomes a bit of a snob or good deal of a fool the moment he brushes up against lords and ladies, even in his fancy.



But it is remarkable that Harold Frederic, an American of Americans, whose early training and habit of thought were utterly foreign to the English idea, should have succeeded in giving us these faithful pictures of English society; in reproducing in his pages, as he does, the real atmosphere of London; in making his types true to life in every delicate shade of thought and action.

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In Gloria Mundi, Frederic takes an Englishman, who has been bred on the Continent, for his hero, and a girl who is a typist for his heroine. From poverty, the author summons this Christian Towers to a dukedom and the headship of an extensive family of noble relatives. The unfolding of the story shows how he takes his good fortune, and—the typist. Gloria Mundi is lacking in the "problem" element,—and there are those among us who are glad of it,—but it is full of living, breathing men and women. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

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Home Life in Colonial Days, by Alice Morse Earle.—In this volume, Mrs. Earle describes the domestic life of the pioneers in the days when a sleeping settler was likely to have his head scratched by the sharp teeth of a hungry wolf that had thrust its nose into one of the spaces between the logs of his cabin.

By the light of those olden days,—rush-light, candlelight and "Betty" lamplight,—the author leads us through the old-time household and home circle, and shows us all the domestic life,—within and without. We learn that a good fence was "horse-high, bull-proof and pig-tight," and that a fine roast joint was kept aturn before the fire by a little bow-legged dog, trained to run in a revolving cylinder, though the more primitive method was to suspend the joint or fowl over the fire by a string tied to the ceiling, while some one,—usually an unwilling child,—was set to turn the roast around.

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Perhaps no greater difference exists between any mode of the olden time and that of to-day than in the manner of serving meals. For many years after America was first settled forks were unknown. "The first fork brought to America was for Governor Winthrop, in 1633, and if the Governor ate with a fork he was doubtless the only person in the colony who did so."

The setting and serving of the dining-table was all so easy and so simple, compared with the complex paraphernalia of serving meals to-day, that it seems like Arcadian simplicity, though even in those days there were books to teach correct and elegant manners at the table. In one could be found a warning against the ill-bred blunder of saying, "Pray cut up that chicken," or "Halve that plover," the proper terms being, "Thrust that chicken," "Spoil that hen," and "Pierce that plover."

There was little of intrinsic value to guard or worry about, few things in the table settings were perishable, and, in blissful ignorance of the presence of microbes and bacteria, our sturdy and not too squeamish forefathers contentedly drank in succession from a single vessel, which was passed from hand to hand, and from lip to lip.

Children in many households were not allowed to sit, but stood, each in his own place, and behaved with decorum, and ate in silence. In some homes they stood at a side table, and ran, "trencher" in hand, to the big table to be helped.

The home occupations of the day,—spinning, weaving, candle, soap and broom making, travel and transportation, churches, Sunday habits, religious customs, colonial neighborliness and general public life, make up the book. The last chapter is a charming description of the old-time gardens,—as sweet and fragrant as that of Evelina, which Miss Wilkins has told about,—with their laburnums, syringas, moss-pinks, phlox and sweet Williams.

Mrs. Earle writes, as usual, *con amore*, as might be expected of one who is descended from a family whose ancient home, now occupied by the eighth generation, still stands in a quaint Massachusetts town.

The value of the book is greatly increased by the fine half-tone pictures, of which there are probably 150, made from photographs of objects, works and happenings of olden times. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

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Stories in Light and Shadow, by Bret Harte.—"There was little doubt that the Lone Star claim was 'played out.' Not dug out, worked out, washed out, but *played* out."

So began one of those splendid tales which makes Bret Harte a famous name still, and rightly so; for to him American story writers and readers owe a great debt, only half paid and half acknowledged. But what he wrote of the pioneer owners of the Lone Star claim, in those days when he was himself a pioneer in a new field in literature, is true to-day of his particular story claim,—at least, if we are to judge by this latest volume of his tales. The pay dirt which once panned out so richly for him is simply played out, and now he is washing over the tailings of more prosperous days.

Not that Bret Harte is dull or uninteresting, or ever can be; not that the old humor, the old pathos, the old felicity of expression are wanting in his work; but these new California tales are but little more than deft rearrangements and variations of old successes. They strike no new note.

Unser Karl and The Desborough Connections, the two stories which have European settings, are perhaps the poorest in the book. Miss Desborough, an American girl who is looking up her English forbears, is a caricature that would be well enough from Ouida, but she is hardly what one would expect from an author who should know his countrywomen well, even if he has had little opportunity in these later days to observe any but the exported article.

Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy, the story of a mining-camp friendship; Salomy Jane's Kiss, the story of an impulsive girl and a susceptible horse-thief, and the Passing of Enriquez, the story of a Spaniard and his Yankee "schoolmarm" wife, are at once the best tales in the book, and the most strongly suggestive of earlier stories by the same author. But when all is said, Stories in Light and Shadow is still that hundredth book which is too entertaining to be passed over by the lover of short stories. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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Her Memory, by Maarten Maartens.—Hitherto Mr. Maartens has stood aloof from the modern Dutch school, which practices "sensitivism,"—a peculiarly delicate form of psychological story-telling which has reached its highest perfection in Louis Couperus, translations of whose Eline Vere, Footsteps of Fate, and Majesty are well known to American readers.

Sensitivism does not analyze, or, rather, it analyzes but does not record its observations, suggesting instead the results, and cleverly making the reader an interested collaborator of the author. Mr. Maartens has shown no sign of the influence of this school in all his previous work, but in Her Memory he has applied its method with certain modifications that are traceable to the quality of his talent.

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It is his first story that does not deal with Dutch scenery and people; the background is English, and so are the characters, though the latter bear the stamp of cosmopolitan uniformity that life under modern conditions impresses upon a certain class of society in all countries. He has chosen for his theme the force of circumstances which compels a gentleman devoted to the memory of his first wife to marry a second time for the sake of his daughter, and also for that of his social position as the head of his house.

The author has expended much delicate work upon this novel, and demonstrates his usual admirable psychological insight, but with a difference. He is no longer explicit: this story is not a completed whole without the active coöperation of the reader. He suggests much that the reader must develop to appreciate its beauty and force; in fact, the best part of the book lies not between its covers, but in the heart and head of the reader, according to his experience and delicacy of perception.

In fact, Mr. Maartens, in writing this book, seems to have presupposed a wide and sympathetic knowledge of life, and its resulting tolerance, in his readers. We need both to understand not only the widower and his child, but also Lady Mary and Eveline Hunt, and many of the throng at Monte Carlo, who are merely sketched in. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

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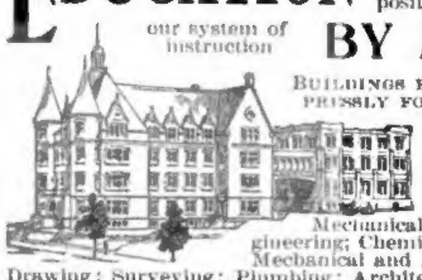

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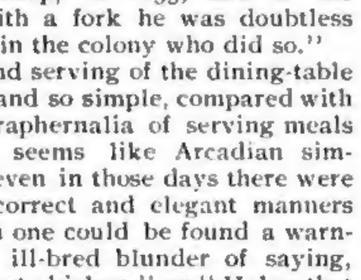

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Within the last half century so great improvement has been made in the means for transportation that the amount of travel has greatly increased. Modern ideas have thus been infused where for centuries before the people had kept the same customs and traditions. Thus, the quaint old costumes are fast disappearing, to be replaced by modern dress.

But occasionally a corner is found where the people yet cling to their old habits. Such a corner exists in the fortified seaport of Boulogne-sur-mer, on the English Channel.

The historical old town on the hill is fast falling into decay as the new town on its slope becomes more thickly populated with English-speaking people. In the midst of this newness, but unchanged by it, lives a colony of French fisher-folk, whose fathers and grandfathers before them brought herring and mackerel from the North Sea. Each boy, when large enough, sails with the fleet; each girl become a "fish-wife"—to wait at home, patient and industrious, watching for the returning vessels. Then, with strong arms, the girls help unload and sort the fish, prepare them for exporting, or sell them in the town.

The accompanying photograph represents a typical "fish-wife" of Boulogne, in holiday attire. She wears the usual short skirt, ample apron, and large round flaring cap of fluted white muslin.

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